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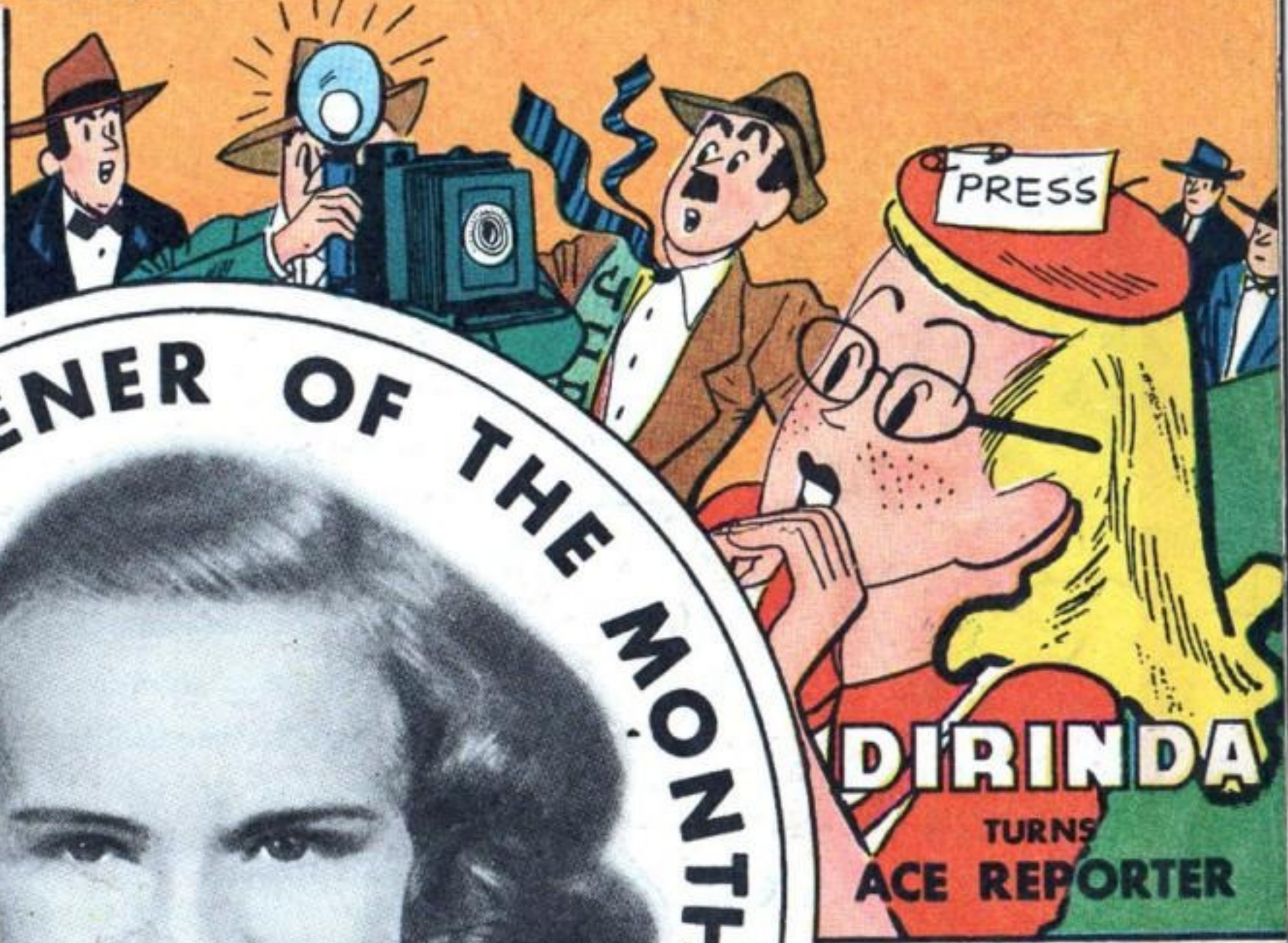
**JUNE 1947 10¢**  
\* No. 6

# **SWEET SIXTEEN**

**COMICS AND STORIES FOR GIRLS**



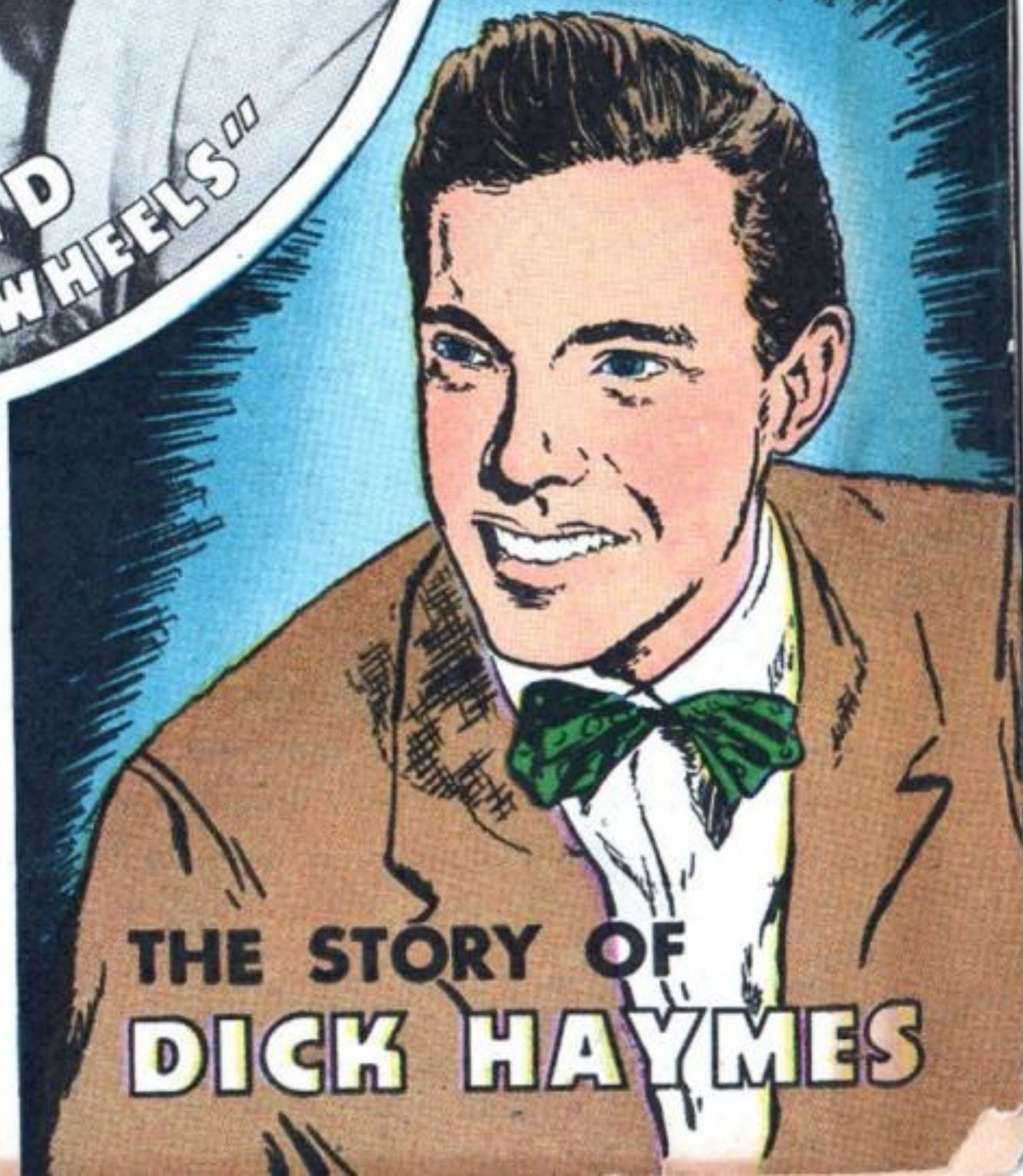
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# The INFERNAL TRIANGLE

By LUCIA CARTER



When a girl has no dates, it's trouble. But when a girl's like Peg Marshall, with two men dated for the same Prom...it's double trouble!!

"Gosh!" I groaned to myself, "why don't colleges give courses on what to do in a case like this?"

CRIME doesn't pay, they used to tell me, but unfortunately for me, nobody ever bothered to define crime. So I grew up and went to college, and look at me today—the original "don't let this happen to you"—the horrible example. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not flunking courses and I haven't broken college rules.

But nevertheless, today I, Peggy Marshall, am the most miserable freshman at Benson College. I guess I'll have to face things bravely. I'm too young to die and my tuition is paid for the year. There's nothing else to do.

Everything began nearly two months ago when I met Bill McBride at a freshman dance. The trouble began then, that is. Actually, the whole thing started at Sunnyfield High School last year, the day Hank Fielding asked me to the football team's

wiener roast. Bill and Hank are two of the finest hunks of young manhood I have ever known. Unfortunately they live only fifty miles apart. Hank is a tall blond football ace with gorgeous shoulders, and Bill is a tall dark basketball star with beautiful teeth. Angels, both of them!

Hank was the dream boy of Sunnyfield High. He was rated A-1 date-bait, and more than one girl chased him from freshman Latin through senior chemistry. During the first three years he had no steady girl, but he wolfed around in a nice way at all the parties and dances. Along with the rest of the gang, I worked on the stag line when Hank Fielding was there.

Now I'm not bragging when I admit I'm a whiz in applied geometry, but I am. I sat next to Hank, and the first day of class he asked me to help him

with his assignment. The next day he asked me again and we went on from there. Soon we were talking about everything but geometry.

That fall the football team won the district championship and the boys celebrated with a wiener roast. Hank had several femmes on the string at the time, but the most eligible, an eager little sophomore, came down with measles three days before the picnic. (I decided right then that there was something to bacteriological warfare.) Hank looked around for another date and there I was, drawing gnome faces in my geometry triangles.

"Peggy, I know it's a little late," he began.

"It's 10:20," I replied. "Class won't be over for forty minutes yet. So just take it easy, pal."

He scowled at me. "The football team won the champion-



ship, in case you're interested."

"I know. I saw the game. I was the one who cheered."

He took a deep breath and tried again. "We're having a picnic to celebrate and will you come with me?" he said without coming up for air.

I almost cheered again.

The spread was super, and so was the campfire and the hike home. Hank asked me for another date after that, and another, and by mid-winter vacation we were going steady.

After graduation Hank got a job in Sunnyfield. He was working hard and saving money for college the following year. Still, his evenings were free and there was plenty of time for dates.

In August, just before I left for college, we went to the lake for the last swim. It was a wonderful afternoon, warm and lazy. The air was a little smoky, like the first of the bonfire season.

"Peggy, you're not going to forget me down there?" Hank asked suddenly.

I laughed. "Forget you? Why, of course not. After all the good times we've had? And it will be only fifty miles."

"I was worried," he admitted. "You know those college wolves. . . . Peggy, save your time for me. I don't want you dating other guys."

"But dating is half college life," I protested. "Do you expect me to stay in my room and brood—or study?" I laughed brightly "Imagine me studying!"

Hank frowned. "I don't want you mixed up with anyone at Benson."

"Benson is a co-ed college," I said in my softest voice. "Of course I'll have dates. All girls do. But, Hank, I'll save the big week-ends for you."

Hank still looked a little grim, but he gave up. "But there won't be anyone else, will there, Peg?" he pleaded.

I let him win that one. "Don't be silly," I told him. "How could there be?"

It was at the first freshman

dance that I met Bill McBride. As soon as I saw him I thanked heaven and the student council that just being at the dance constituted a formal introduction. Bill danced smoothly and easily. I felt at home with him. It was like being with one of the Sunnyfield boys again; he even reminded me of Hank. Bill talked about his home and about coming to Benson. He told me about basketball and described the fish he had caught, while I drew out his interests like it says in the books. I did everything just right.

"I was a little homesick to-night," Bill confessed. "Now I want to stay here forever."

We ducked the dance and headed for the nearest hamburger joint. Bill and I sat in a corner and talked, ignoring the other freshmen.

He took me to the football game and dance that Saturday, and we went hiking Sunday afternoon. Monday and Tuesday nights we studied together. By that time we knew each other pretty well, which pleased me immensely. After two weeks neither of us was dating anyone else, which was perfect, I thought.

Then it happened. Of course it was my own fault. My better self moved in one day, and I decided to tell Bill about Hank. I'm not sure what I expected him to do. Certainly I knew he wouldn't jump on the table and sing "The Star Spangled Banner," but I thought he would take it all lightly. Instead he was very serious.

"I wish you'd give him up then," Bill said.

"Give him up? Why, Bill, that's ridiculous!"

"I think a lot of you. Is that ridiculous?" he flared. "And I don't want my girl tied to some other guy."

"I'm not tied to Hank. He's just a high school pal."

"Then why keep him on the string? He's probably a nice guy!"

"Bill, you're unreasonable."

"It's Hank or me. I'll give you one week to decide." He tried a



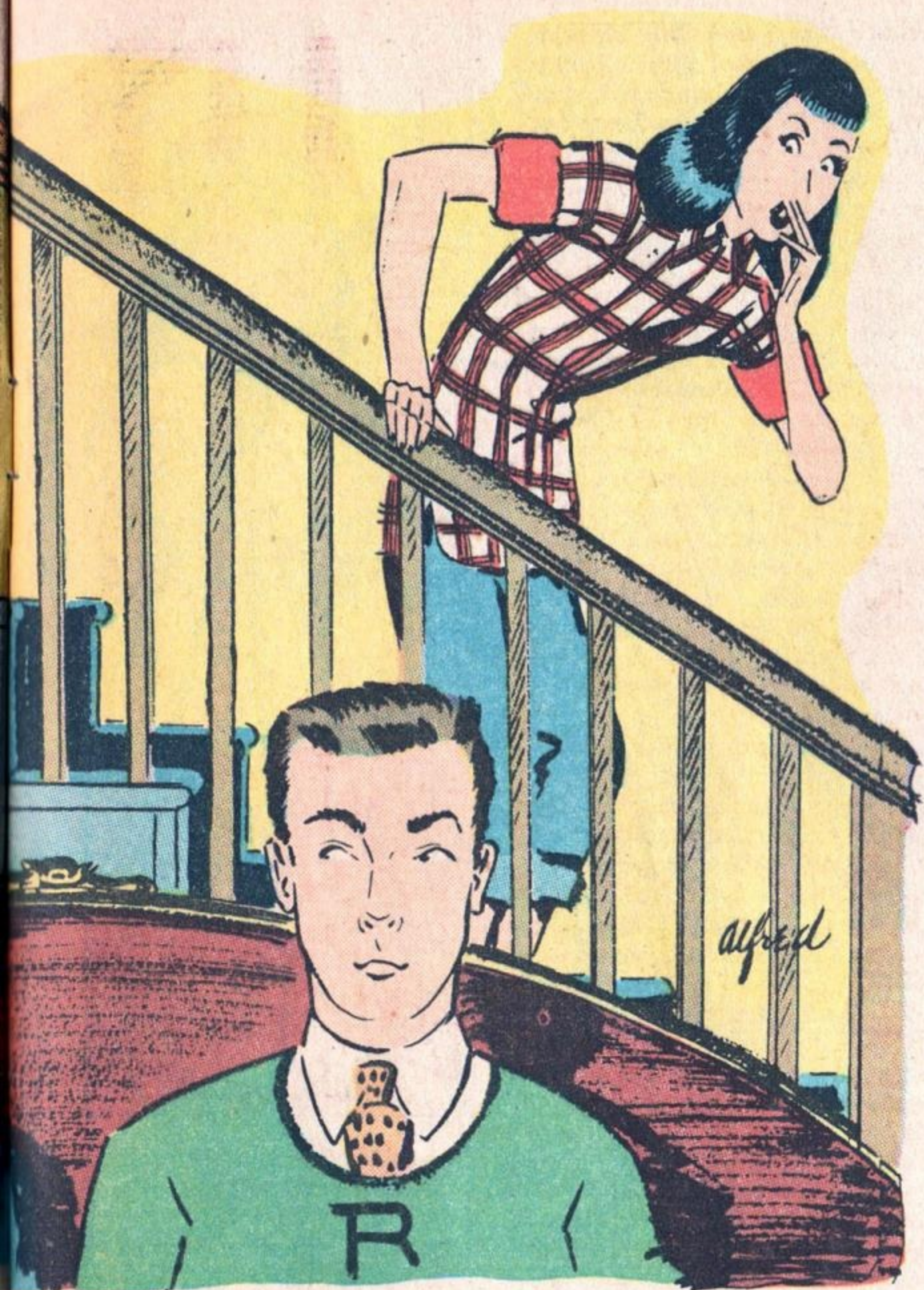
"Ready, Peg?" Hank and Bill asked in one voice. For the first time in my life I was simply speechless . . .

Napoleonic pose, which didn't work so well, since he was wearing his letter sweater.

I muttered something nasty and stalked upstairs, pausing only to make sure I had a date for the following night. The nerve of that big, overgrown brute! And then I did it again. I sat down and wrote a nice, long, loyal letter to Hank.

"Dear Hank," I wrote, "I am being true to you, as I promised I would. Only tonight Bill McBride, the boy I am dating here, asked me to stop going with you.





Of course, I wouldn't dream of such a thing. As I told Bill, the idea is ridiculous." My letter was long. I told Hank all about Bill. No matter what happened, I still say it was an interesting letter.

Fortunately for me, postal regulations forbid sending atom bombs through the mail. Atomic was a mild adjective for Hank's answer. "I hate the name Bill and I hate the name McBride. If I ever meet him, I won't be responsible for my actions," Hank wrote. "If you don't give up this yokel, you'll have to stand on a

corner and whistle to get a date in Sunnyfield. I, too, will give you one week."

When Bill McBride called for me that night he leered. "Made up your mind yet?" he snarled, twirling an imaginary mustache.

I shook my head.

"Seriously, Peg," Bill continued more gently, "you'll have to choose between us. I don't want to date someone else's girl, and I'm sure this Hank character feels the same way."

"Yes, Bill," I murmured.

"Peggy, do you mean—Yes,

what?" Bill looked very anxious.

"Yes, I'm sure you both feel the same way," I snapped. "And I think you're both completely impossible!"

I had to do something, I realized, but what? If I gave up Hank, I could never go home. If I swore off Bill, I might as well take the next bus for Sunnyfield. Suddenly—inspiration! My plan seemed foolproof; I wish now I had tried it on a couple of fools. I started to tell Bill right then, but since he was sulking, I thought it best to let him brood a bit.

Hank heard the good news first. He called from Sunnyfield that night. "Decided?" he asked.

"Decided about what?" I returned, as innocently as possible. I poked my roommate in the ribs to keep her from laughing into the phone.

"You know what I mean. What about that McBride fellow?"

"Why, Hank, I don't see Bill McBride any more," I cooed. "As soon as I got your letter I broke up with him. Didn't you know I would, you old . . ."

I didn't get to finish because Hank began murmuring nice things into the phone.

The next night, while Bill and I were studying together, I broke the news to him. "I'm not going with Hank Fielding any more. I called him last night and told him. Now are you satisfied, you . . ."

"Come on," Bill interrupted, grabbing my hand. We went dancing to celebrate.

The next two weeks were easily the happiest of my life. There were flowers and phone calls from Hank, as well as dates with Bill. I've never seen two boys more highly pleased, and I was feeling very gay myself. There was no tension between Bill and me, while Hank's letters were the sweetest things. I saved them all. I was completely fair about everything; whenever I had a special date with Bill, I made it up to Hank with a special letter to make him happy.



Bill and I had a standing date for dinner and dancing on Saturday nights. Last Saturday I came tearing home from a late afternoon shopping trip, spilling packages as I ran. It was 6:55, Bill was due at seven and I had to change from my bluejeans. In my hurry I practically tripped over Hank Fielding, who was sitting calmly in the dorm club-room. I let my packages fall to the floor and lurched into a chair.

"Why, Hank, what are you doing here?" I exclaimed brilliantly.

He grinned and produced a corsage. "You're really my girl now and we have to celebrate. I should have let you know I was coming, but I realized you wouldn't be busy, since you've broken up with McBride. I had a ride down and here I am. "Gee, it's good to see you, Peg. What shall we do? Is there a dance tonight?"

I gulped. "It's swell to see you too, Hank. You make yourself at home. I'll go dress and be right down. Then we'll decide what to do. J—just make yourself comfy!"

I grabbed the flowers and ran upstairs, skidding to a stop at the telephone. Bill's line was busy and when I finally got through he had gone. I thought of hiding, but that, I decided, would be cowardly. Instead I would lure Hank downtown and hide him. Still wearing my bluejeans, I ran back downstairs. But I was too late. Bill was parked next to Hank. When I came in both boys leaped up.

"Ready to go, Peggy?" they asked in one voice.

They looked at each other. I didn't answer.

"McBride?" Hank asked. Bill nodded.

"Fielding?" Bill asked. Hank nodded.

"Peggy Marshall, you told me you had broken up with him," the boys exclaimed.

"What a nice surprise," I said insanely. "I love surprises!"

The boys continued to glare and neither one said a word. I



With luck, I should be in no condition to go to that dance!

tried again, but the best I could manage was a small gurggle.

Bill turned to Hank. "Aren't you the halfback who made that touchdown run for Sunnyfield last year?"

Hank grinned modestly. "Aren't you the guy who kept us out of the basketball finals?"

"How about a coke?" asked Bill. "Nice to meet you."

They started out the door and I ran after them.

"What about me?" I cried.

They didn't even turn around.

I was in a spot. The freshman girls' autumn formal was coming up, and I was the only girl on campus with no prospects. Bill and Hank were the only boys I could ask—and they wouldn't even talk to me.

I stayed in my room and sulked. I was miserable. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't study. I couldn't write letters. I couldn't eat, except when the gang brought me hamburgers, sundaes, cokes and milkshakes from Mike's Quick Lunch and Soda Spot. Obviously, something had to be done.

Eventually I had an idea—not a second Einstein theory, but the best I could dream up in my condition. I picked Hank first, figuring that with a bird in the bush it would be easier to acquire one in the hand. I wrote him a long apologetic letter that night. "I should never have gone with Bill McBride at all," I said.

"I did so mainly because I

(Continued on page 41)





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WHERE'S MIKE?

O'BRIEN'S  
HOME SICK,  
BOSS.

AN' MIKE'S ON  
VACATION...REMEMBER?  
**EVERYBODY'S ON  
VACATION...EXCEPT  
US!**



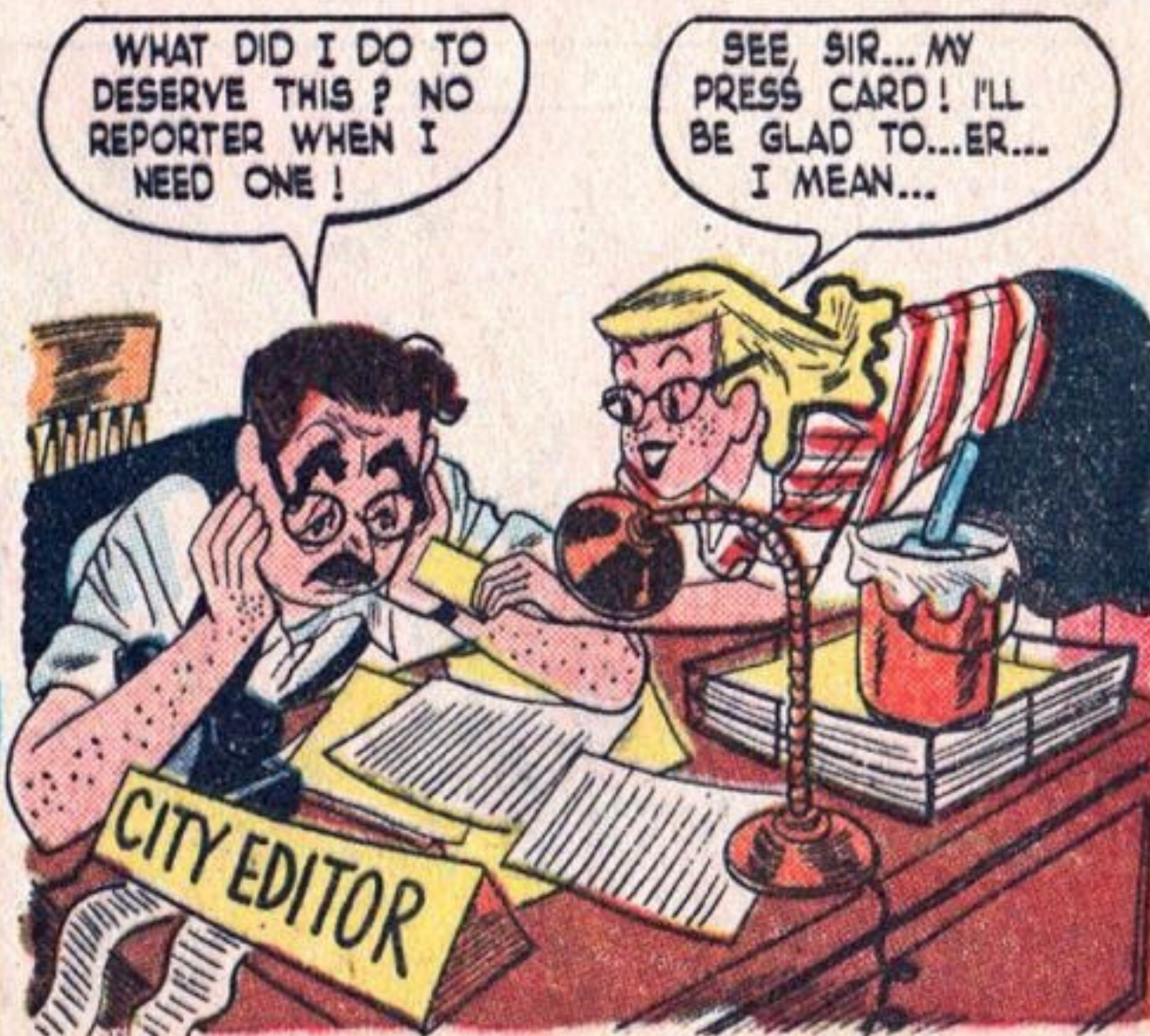
AND DIRINDA JONES, WHO MOST DEFINITELY IS NOT ON VACATION! SCHOOL IS OUT, BUT DIRINDA IS WORKING AS A COPY GIRL ON THE NEWSPAPER.

ER...AH...DID-DID  
SOMEBODY SCREAM  
IN HERE?



WHO ARE  
YOU?

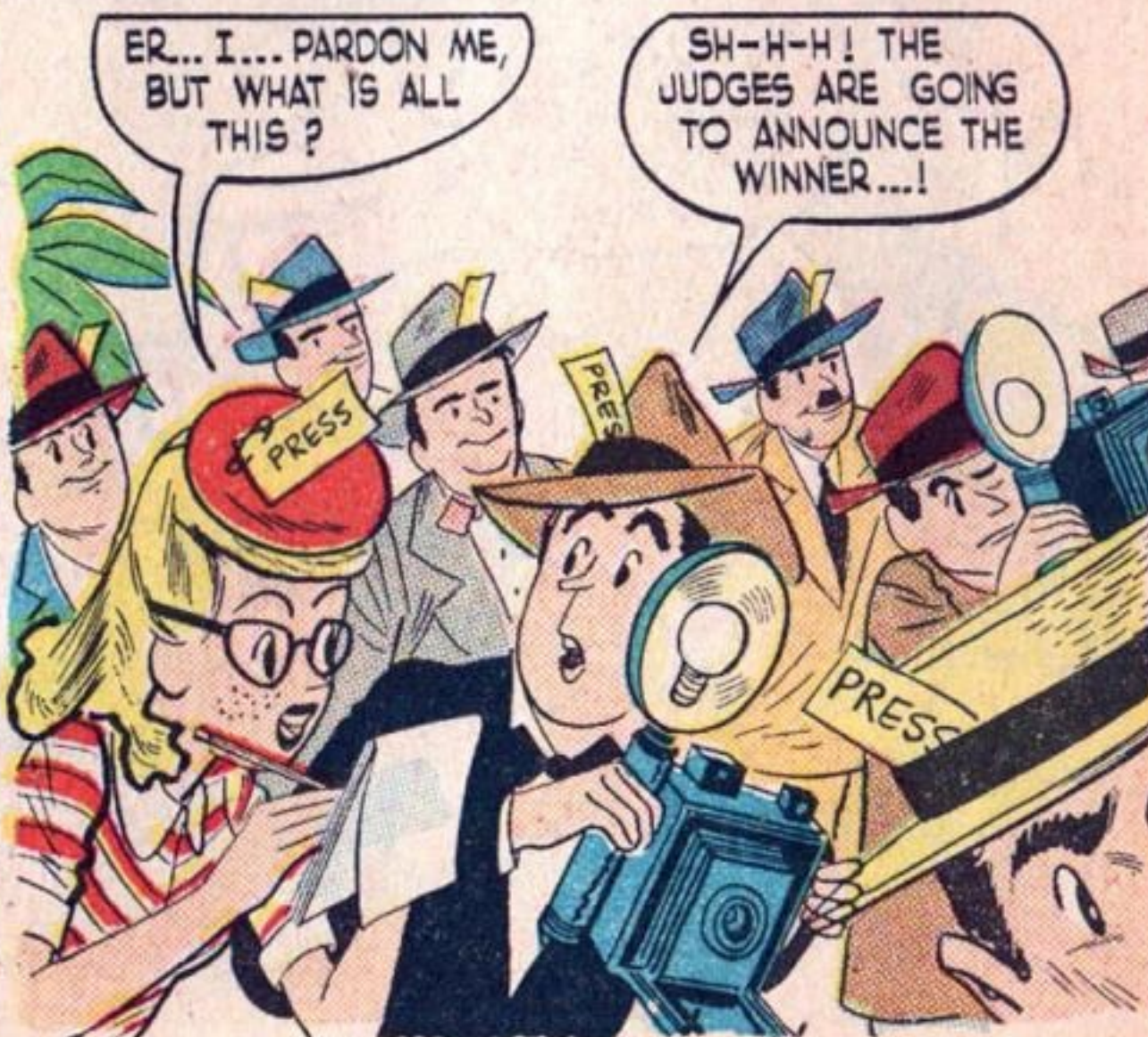
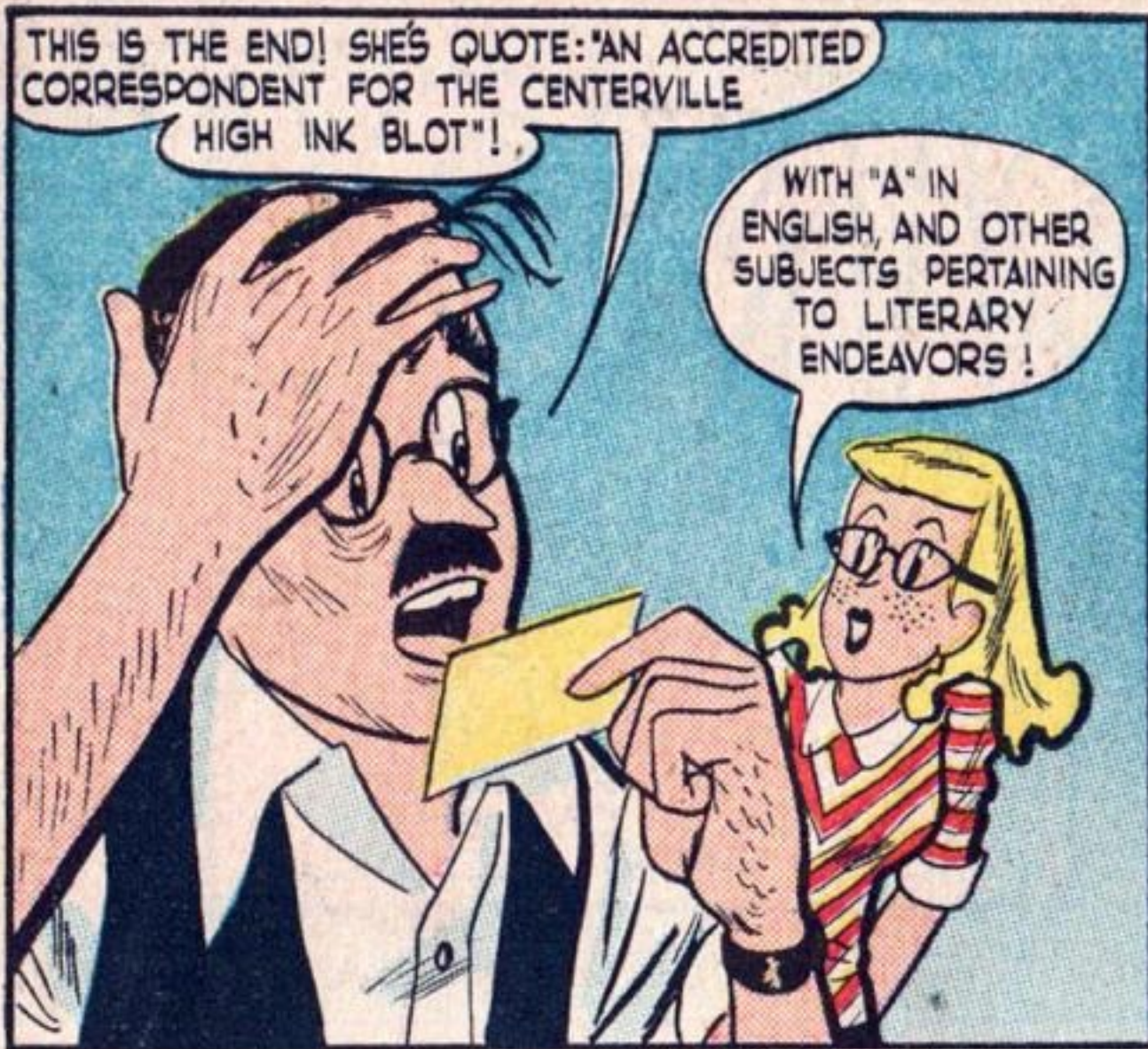
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I'M HERE FOR THE  
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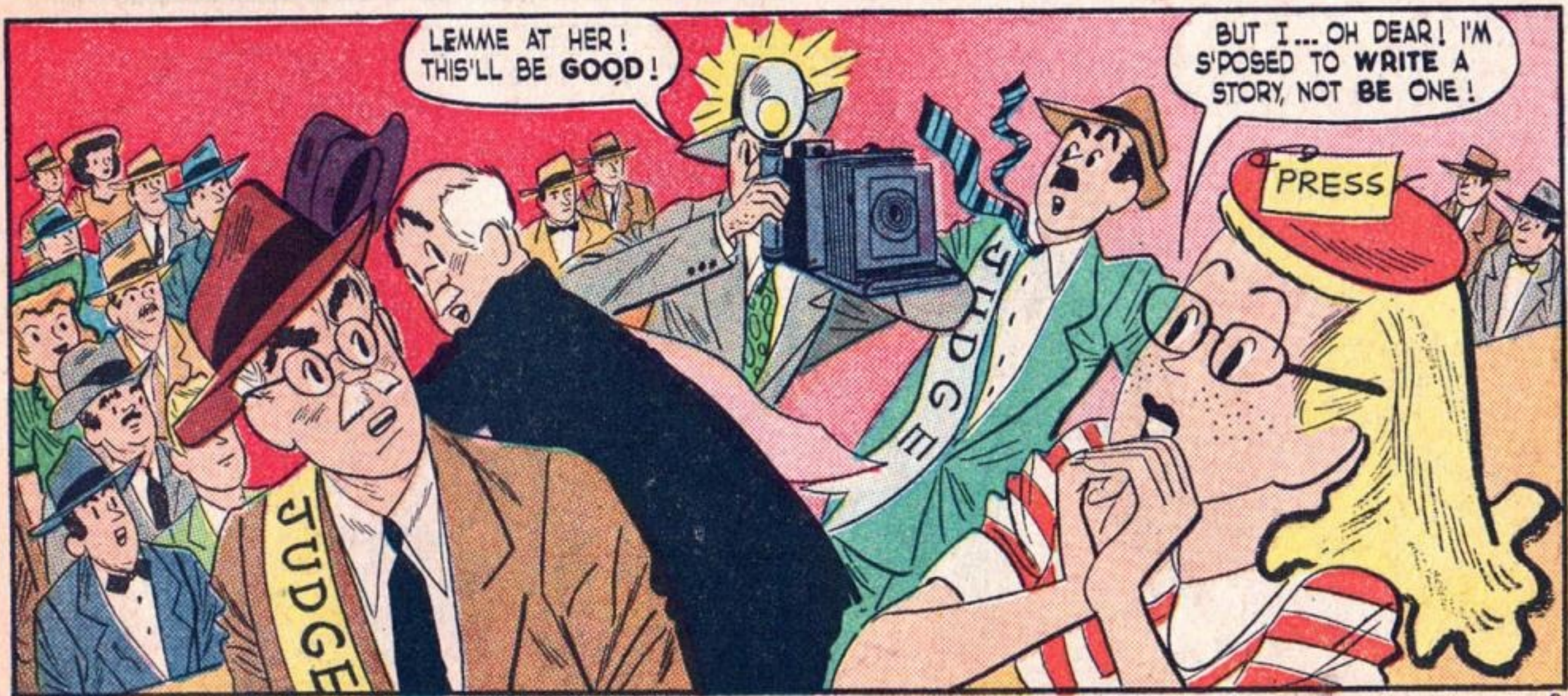
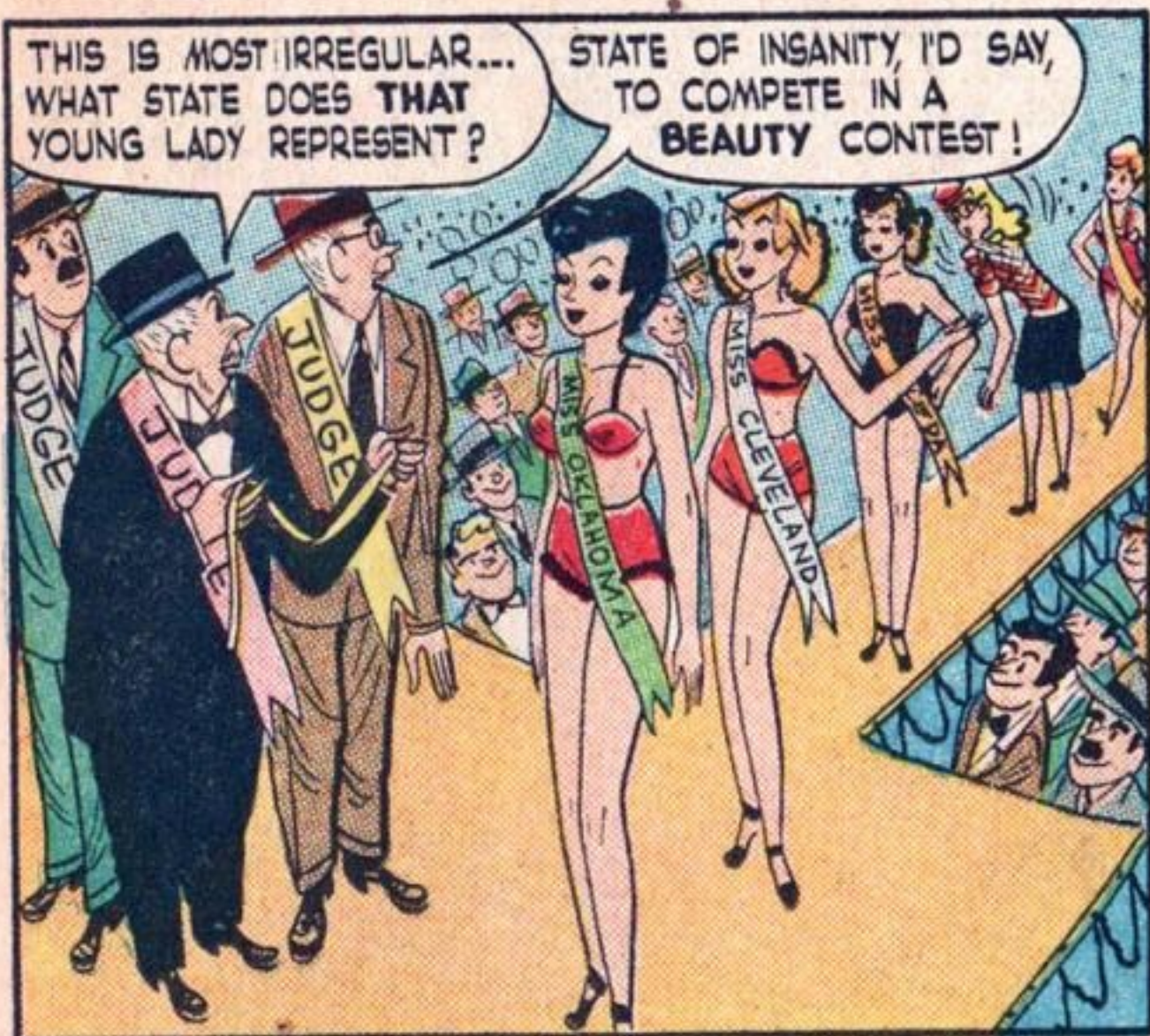
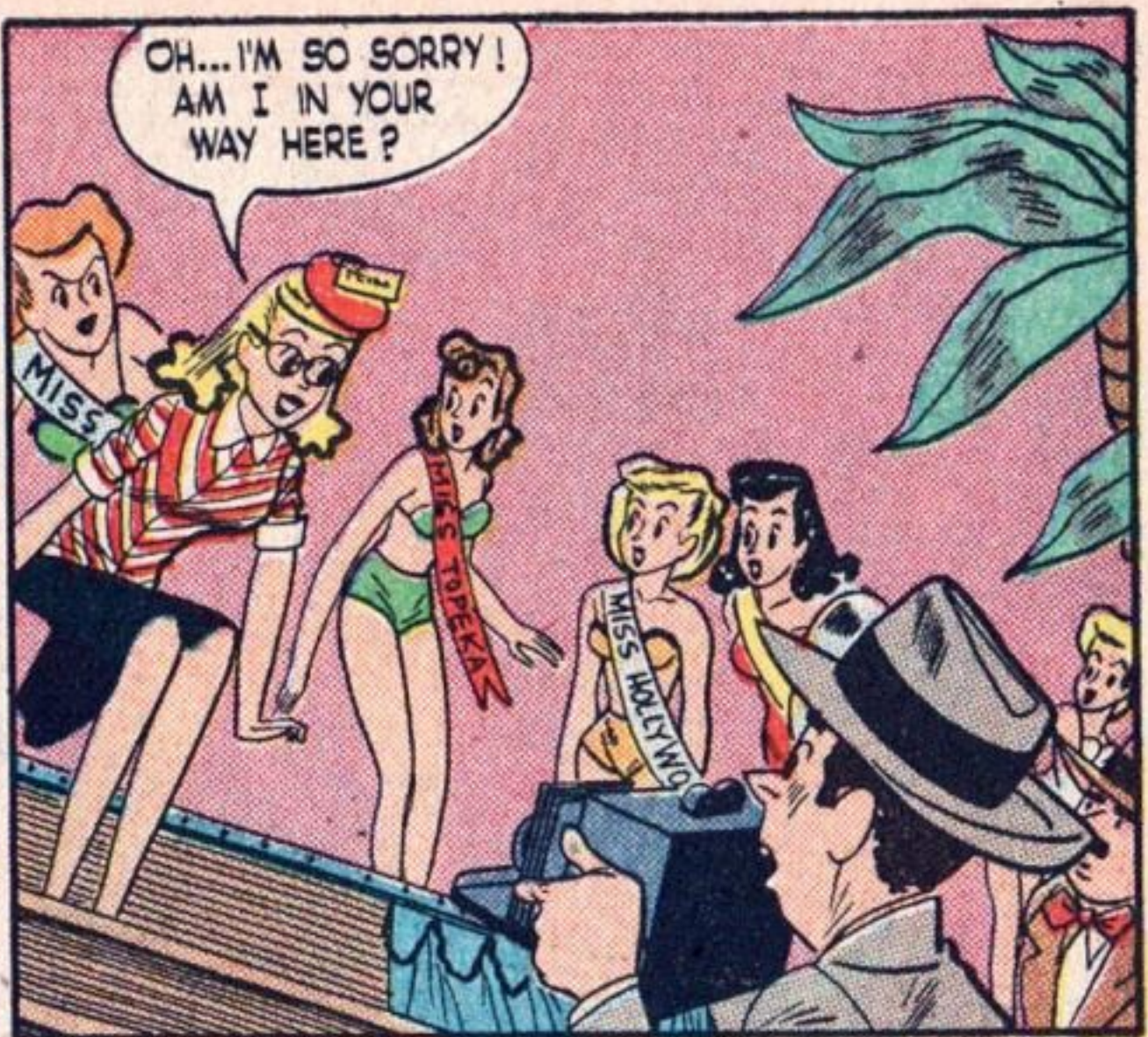
WHAT DID I DO TO  
DESERVE THIS? NO  
REPORTER WHEN I  
NEED ONE!

SEE, SIR...MY  
PRESS CARD! I'LL  
BE GLAD TO...ER...  
I MEAN...

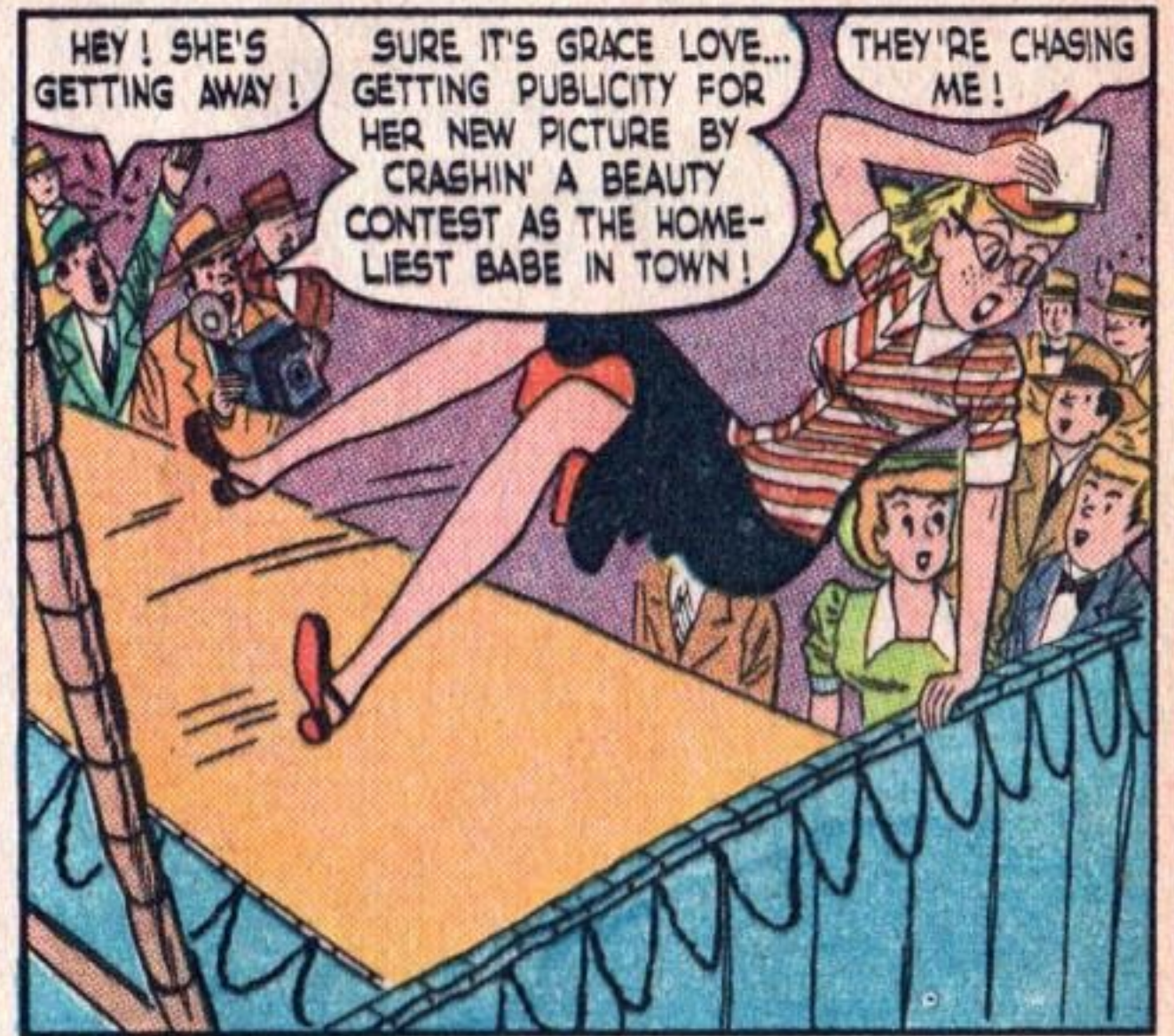




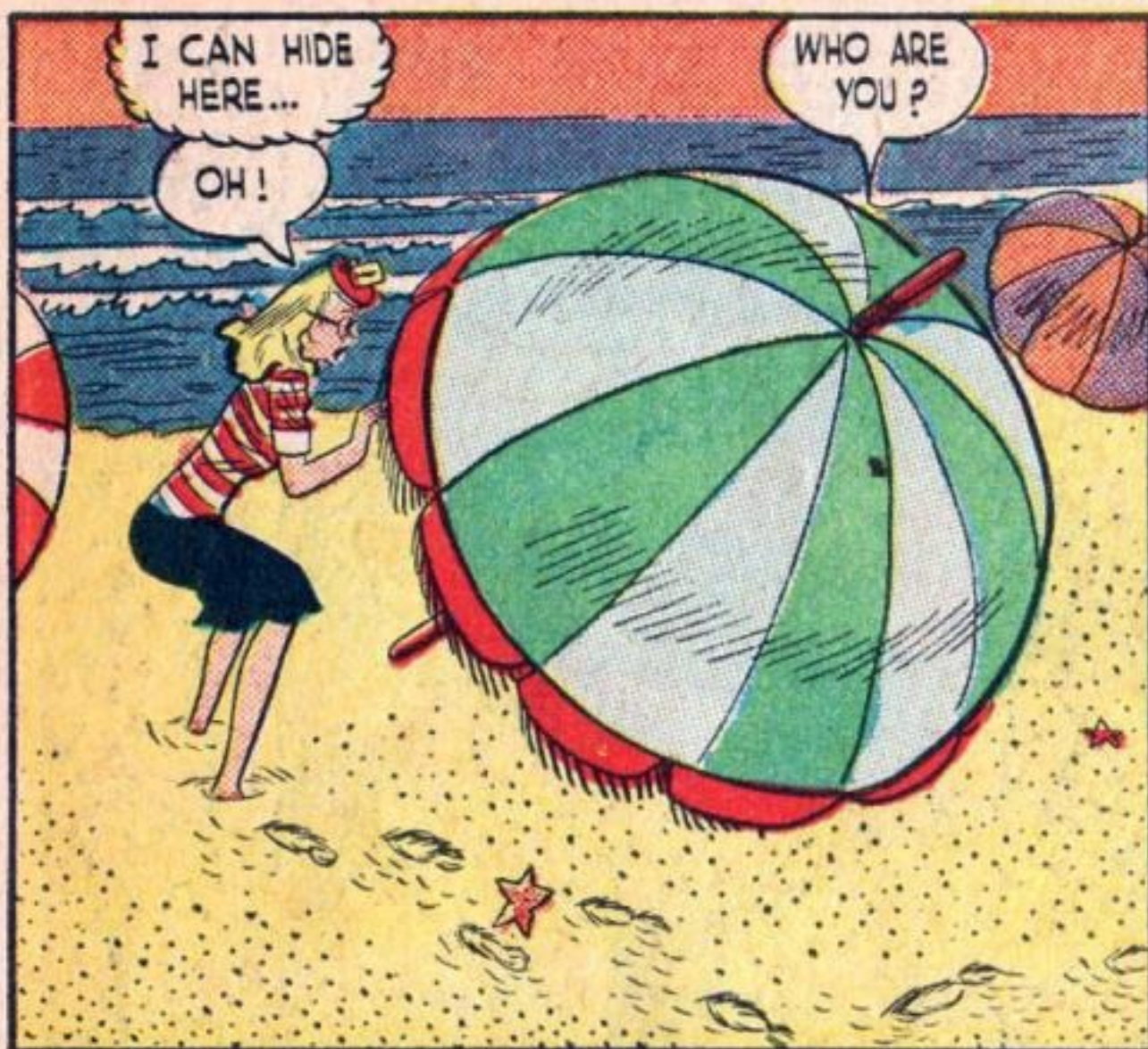




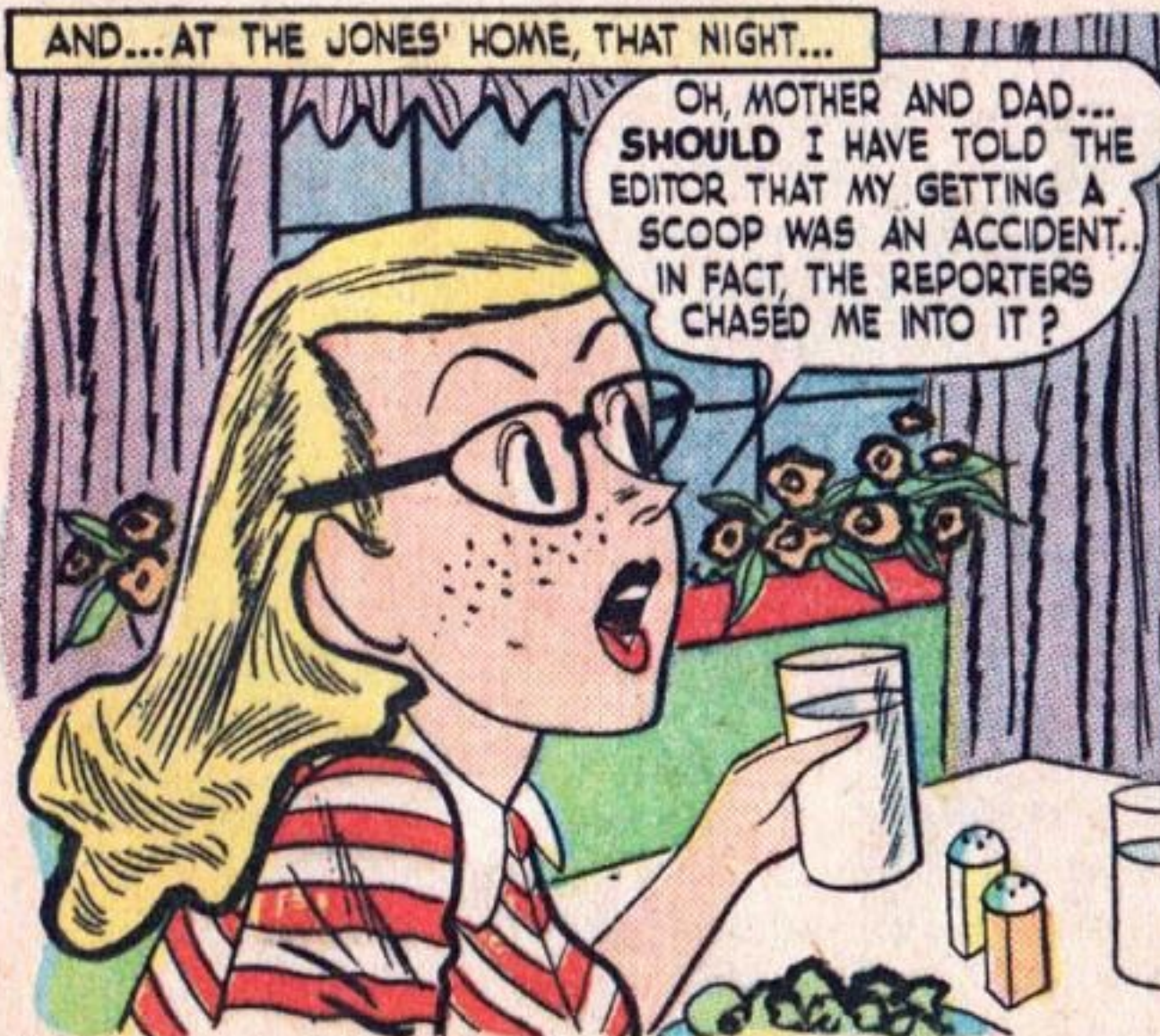
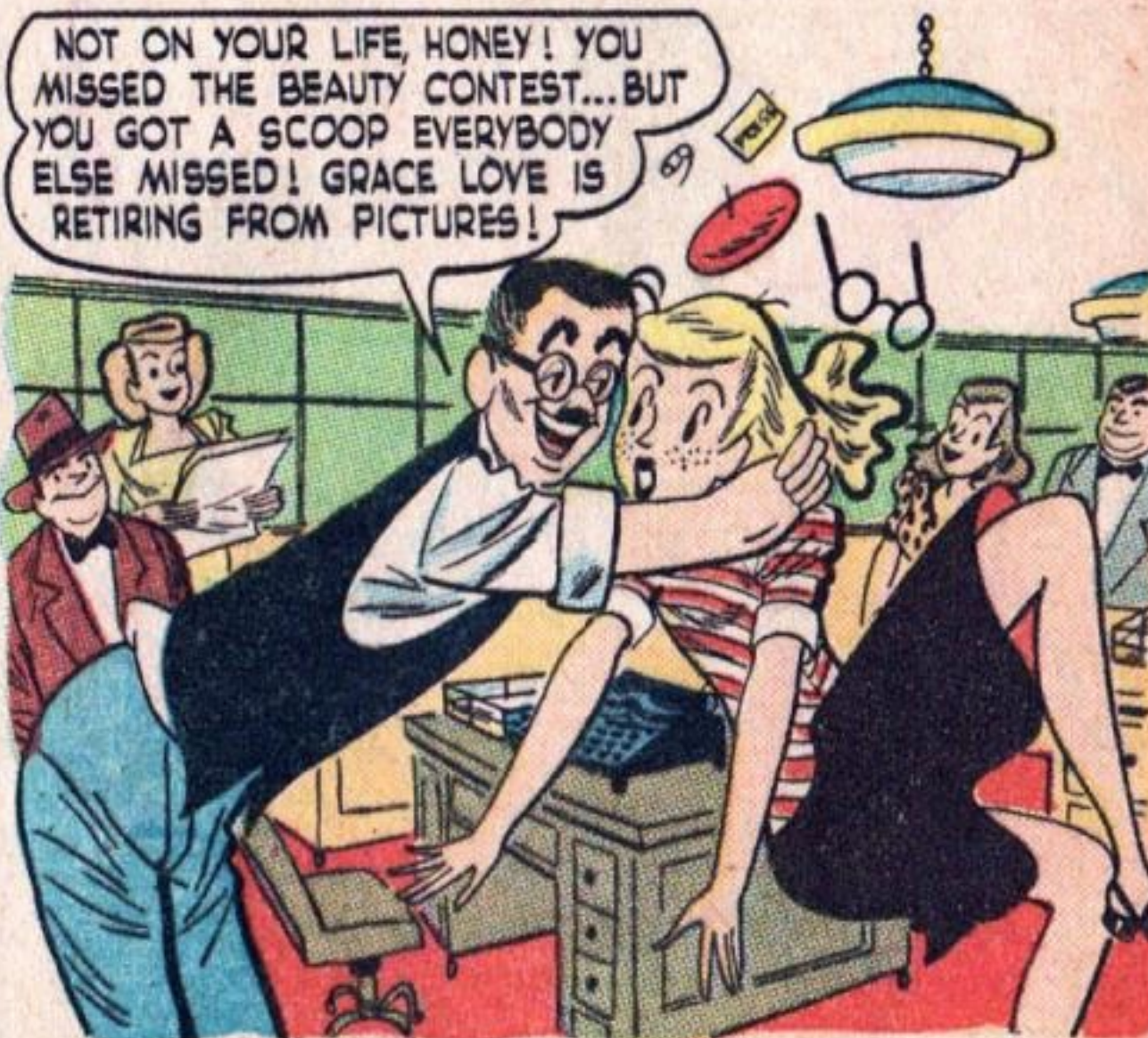












DIRINDA'S A REGULAR MEMBER OF SWEET SIXTEEN MAGAZINE!!



## WHO TICKLED THE IVORIES?



CAN YOU GUESS? IF YOU CAN'T, TURN TO PAGE 28 FOR THE ANSWER.

EVERYONE was mildly surprised when Miss Dempsey, the social science teacher, made her request that morning.

"I've a special project for Gertrude, or Verna, or Marion," was all Miss Dempsey said. And everyone was surprised because you couldn't have found three girls at Hamilton High School who were so completely different from each other. Not only in personality, but in their tastes and activities as well. What possible project could the three of them have been selected for?

The puzzle was cleared up quickly enough, for the three girls at least, when they joined Miss Dempsey that afternoon.

"I've selected you three girls simply because all of you play the piano." . . . So that was it . . . that was the one thing they really did have in common.

"However," continued Miss Dempsey, "this is not an easy, one-day project, like visiting a hospital or writing a paper for class. The girl who volunteers will gain much valuable experience in social science or teaching, especially if she plans a career in social work. However, I must caution you that this project will take a great deal of your free time . . . two or three afternoons after school each week for a few months."

With this Miss Dempsey paused a few minutes, letting her warning sink in, because she

well knew how dearly high school girls value their free time.

"And now, this is the project," she finally went on. "The budget for the City Orphan Home does not allow them a professional pianist and they need a volunteer to play for the children's singing, dancing and music appreciation lessons. Whoever takes the job will not merely play the piano, but will learn how to handle children, and gain first-hand knowledge about the workings of institutions, which is an excellent background for social work. Think it over, and whoever would like to volunteer, come in and see me tomorrow."

\* \* \*

As long as she could remember, Gertrude Van Buren had dreamed of becoming a famous concert pianist. For years she practiced diligently, developing a fine technique and feeling for her favored instrument. Lately, she had given a few private recitals which were favorably received. All this passed through Gertrude's mind as she walked home, thinking over Miss Dempsey's offer. She thought this might be just the opportunity she needed to get more practice. Against this was the fact that she neither liked nor understood young children, which might possibly be attributed to the fact that she had no sisters or brothers. She had no feelings either way about giving of her

free time. The big question was: would this help her along in her hoped-for career?

Marion Stevens was easily the most popular co-ed at Hamilton . . . with the boys, girls and teachers alike. She took part in a dozen different extra-curricular activities from athletics to the school newspaper. She was by no means in Gertrude's class at the piano, but her vibrant personality took care of her playing when it came to performing at a party. And speaking of parties, Marion, as could be expected, had a full social life. This, of course, kept her busy, and that was what she was thinking of when she left the other two girls and started for home. While Gertrude and Verna worried the problem in their minds for hours that night, Marion made her decision about Miss Dempsey's offer in ten minutes. Before she reached home, it was finished business.

If it is true that some people aspire to professions which compensate them for personality defects of their own, then Verna Leatherman was a perfect example to fit this theory. For while she dreamed of becoming an active field-worker in social science, which meant personal contact with many different types and numbers of people, Verna was probably the shyest girl in all of Hamilton. She read a great deal, knitted, tried watercolor painting, and eventually drifted to the piano as one more activity in which she could engage in solitude. Like most shy people, she took a long time to make up her mind to do something new, especially if it meant new social contact. So Verna thought about the job at the Orphan Home all that afternoon and evening . . . and on her way to school the next day, she was still thinking.

Only one of the girls showed up in Miss Dempsey's office the next day. From what you know of the three girls, which one was it? Can you guess?



# BIG GIRL

By EVA EVANS

Doro was used to getting everything she wanted. . . . How could she be expected to give up the one thing she really wanted most of all?

THE conversation around the breakfast table broke and flowed around the rock that was Doro. The morning's mail had yielded another catalog from another smooth girls' school. Family rules forbade reading at the table—but if one merely laid an open book beside one's plate . . .

"Oh!" Doro ohed ecstatically to herself, "O-ooh!"

The picture showed a group of charming college girls dressed for archery. On the next page, more charming college girls were riding along a wooded trail . . .

Doro drew a long breath. Only the toast popping from the toaster brought her back to reality.

Mother and Father and Bill and Margaret, Bill's wife, seemed to be in the midst of a troublesome discussion. She could tell that more by her father's tired expression than by her mother's worried one. Mother sometimes looked worried and anxious about the most unimportant things, such as that black evening gown that Doro had picked out for herself last month, but when Father got that tired 'old' look, it was serious.

Bill and Margaret seemed to be backing each other up in something, the difference between the two being that, while Bill looked worried, Margaret looked determined.

An English sister-in-law! Bill, Doro's only brother, had returned from the war announcing that his wife would be along shortly—Uncle Sam willing, of course. And Margaret soon arrived.

Doro sighed. Not that Margaret wasn't nice, she reminded herself quickly, but—well, she was English. That probably explained everything . . . Margaret was reserved, fond of good books and good music. She was *not* fond of Doro's music or of her jitterbugging friends. She shuddered visibly at the noise when Doro's crowd came over.

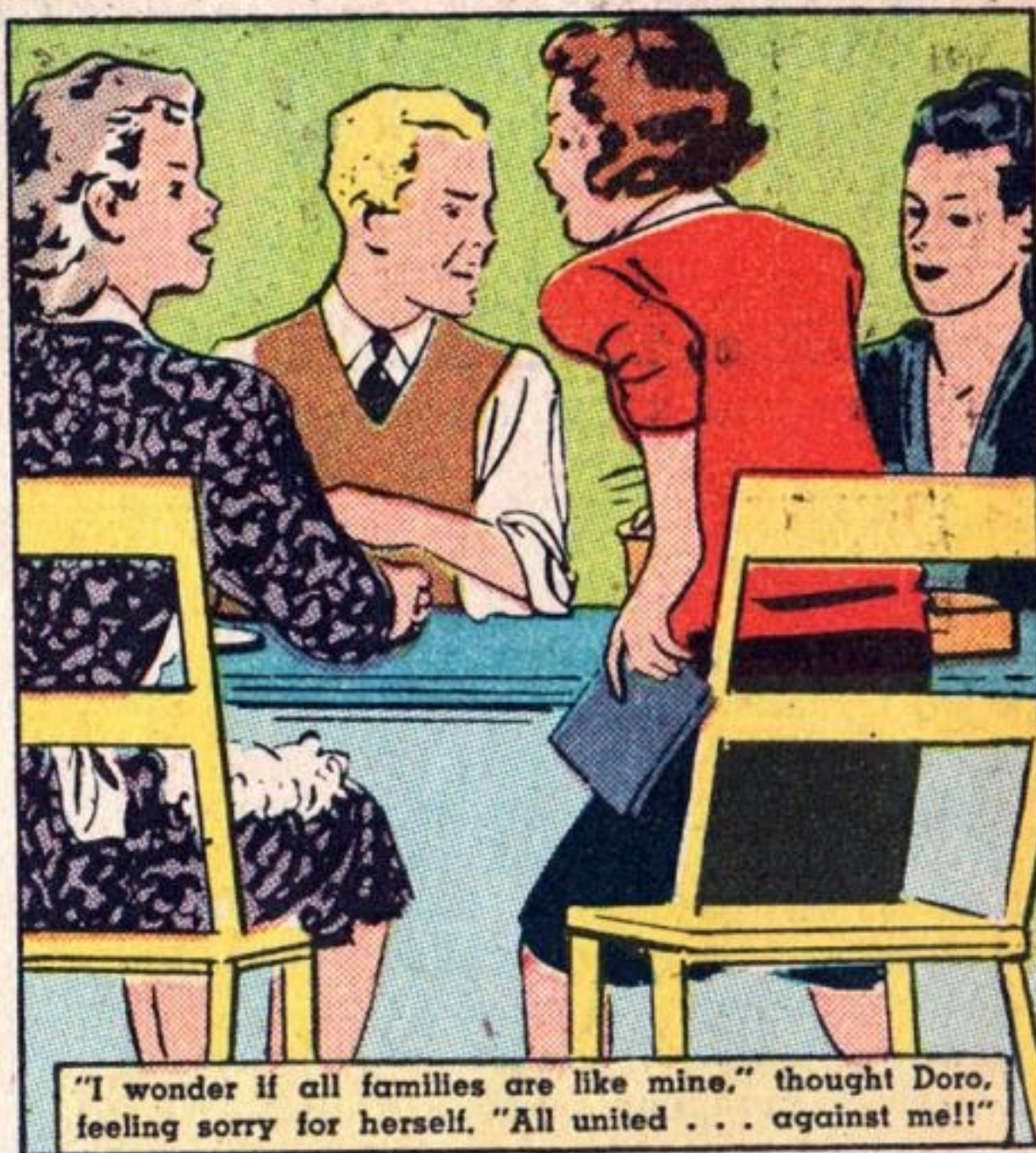
"Of course," Doro conceded generously, "Margaret's probably still lonely, so far from home. If she were American, we'd understand each other and see things from the same angle but—"

"There is no reason why I shouldn't work for a few months," Margaret was saying carefully, "so that Bill and I can save some money."

Doro almost dropped her toast. "Work?" she repeated, "Work? When Bill gets that lush job?"

Mother sighed. "Are you sure that you haven't been reading, Doro? We have been talking about Bill's decision *not* to take that 'lush job'."

"But—it's marvy!" cried Doro. "Absolutely!"



"I wonder if all families are like mine," thought Doro, feeling sorry for herself. "All united . . . against me!!"

Why don't you want it, Bill? Won't you like it?"

"I *do* want it," muttered Bill wearily.

"Bill's got to go back to school, Doro," said Margaret quickly. "With that job, he couldn't. The hours were all wrong. And he's *got* to go back to school! I can work for a while," she returned to her argument, "With my salary and Bill's GI money, we'll manage very well."

Father sighed. "I don't like it, Margaret! Yet I know that you are right about insisting that Bill must finish his education. If I could help—but Doro will be ready for college in the fall—"

College! Doro glanced down at her catalog. After her mother's pointed reference to reading, it would not do to turn another page. So, she bolted the rest of her toast and milk, stood up with a muttered "'Scuse, please," and ran upstairs to her room to study the fascinating book.

From the living room, came the sound of the piano. Margaret was playing—softly. Doro listened for a while before she turned back to her picture—this time a prom scene with lovely girls and young men from West Point and Annapolis. "Imagine!" Doro sighed with delight.

Why she was so determined to attend a girls' school, Doro had no idea. To her, a girls' college had always been the Wonderland of Alice! Let the other girls of her crowd talk about the state university, right here in town, if they liked. They



might have it and welcome. She would take a girls' school. Father had always said that she might choose for herself when the time came . . .

"You'll be a big girl by that time, Doro."

She leafed through the catalog—riding, archery, swimming, dances with men invited from the men's colleges. Doro leaned back against the window frame and closed her eyes dreamily.

"Mother, I can't do it."

The words sounded so close to Doro's ear that it was a minute before she realized that Bill and her mother were standing on the porch just below.

"I can't pass up this job and let Margaret work! Not even for a few months. Oh, I know I've always wanted to be an engineer. I still do. But Margaret's not strong enough to work now. I should be taking care of her—instead of the other way around!"

"You are right—and you are wrong." Mother's voice sounded very tired. "Father and I would help if we could! But Doro will be ready for college soon. She wants to go away to school—"

"She always did dream about a fancy girls' college," said Bill gently. "This isn't her problem. Let the kid have fun. Margaret and I will manage."

The voices died away as the speakers entered the house. Doro sat for a long time on the sunny window seat. Her book still lay open on her knee but she was not looking at it.

It was going to cost Father a lot of money to send her to this school. Closing the catalog impatiently, Doro crossed to her dressing table. "And what," she demanded of her reflection, "is wrong with the state university? I guess it can teach you anything that you want to know!"

Rising hastily, she went to her closet and pulled out a stack of college catalogs. These, she tied neatly with heavy cord. She grinned a little. "Bobby will love me for this," she thought glancing toward the house next door, "giving him all these—tied and ready to sell—and I think these are classed as magazines too!"

Leaving her bundle of salvage paper, she went to her desk. "I've got an application blank for State U. here somewhere," she muttered, pawing wildly. "I'll get it into the mail. That article in the paper said to register early—"

She finally found the paper for which she was searching, filled it out, sealed it in the envelope, stamped it with a determined little fist. Voices below stairs indicated that the whole family was now assembled in the living room . . . She would tell them and get it over with.

In the doorway, she hesitated. They knew—all of them—how she had dreamed about attending one of the big girls' schools. How could she explain—without *explaining*, that is? Because, naturally, she wasn't playing for applause . . .

After all, it was perfectly natural for her to want to help out, and if by just going to one

school instead of another, she could make it possible for the family to help Bill and keep Margaret from going to work—well, Margaret's baby would be her niece or nephew or something, wouldn't it? Naturally, she didn't want Margaret to work!

But she didn't want the family to suspect her of martyr tendencies! How could she explain?

Her eyes fell on the article—the one about registering early . . . "Graduating seniors advised to submit applications in advance of actual graduation . . . Influx of GI's . . . Girls will be outnumbered at least 3 to 1 on the campus . . ."

"Outnumbered at least 3 to 1! The poor, poor girls!" grinned Doro, picturing a dance under such ghastly conditions! And then, she saw it. *There*—was the perfect obvious explanation.

She marched down the stairs.

Her announcement made and the inquisition over, Doro backed toward the door. In her throat was a lump that she couldn't swallow.

"I wish, at least . . ." she thought miserably and stopped, not knowing *what* she wished.

She hadn't played for applause. She didn't want anybody to drool 'Oh, you wonderful brave girl'. But wouldn't you think that your own family would realize what it meant to give up your fondest dream?

Instead, Father and Mother and Bill were already in a huddle with dollar signs flying out like signals at a football game. Margaret was not even concerning herself with the discussion—and, after all, the problem was hers in a big way. Margaret was just fooling around with the record player.

"That's funny!" Doro interrupted her own thoughts, "Margaret simply can't *stand* my records, but she's hunting through them as if she really wanted a special one—"

Just then, Margaret found it. The others were still deep in their huddle. They did not see Margaret as she looked steadily into Doro's eyes. Margaret's own eyes were shining as she grasped one hand with the other, raising it high above her head in a ring signal of victory.

Reserved? Margaret? For Doro's English sister-in-law closed one eye in a knowing, understanding wink! And the record began: "I'm a big girl now—"

Margaret's lips sang . . . "Big girl now!"

Doro bit her lip to keep it from trembling. Somebody did understand—even about the not-wanting-it-broadcast angle! It was going to be swell to have a sister—a big sister who understood things, who saw things from your side!

Ready to run back upstairs to her room, Doro hesitated. Then she went up to Margaret, put an arm around her, hugged her tight. "Maybe you could teach me to knit," she whispered, "After all, an aunt's got to think of her niece or nephew! Gee, Margaret, I'm so glad you're—*home*."

THE END



# DOROTHY DARE

"QUEEN OF HOLLYWOOD STUNT ARTISTS"

WHEN THE ACCENT'S ON DANGER, HOLLYWOOD CALLS ITS FAVORITE DARE-DEVIL...STUNT GIRL DOROTHY DARE. THIS TIME SHE'S CAST IN A WILD AND WOOLLY WESTERN, "STAGECOACH"...

WORKING ON HIS 'FIRST AMERICAN PRODUCTION IS A FAMOUS FRENCH DIRECTOR, PIERRE DUBOIS.

I COME TO AMERICA TO MAKE A FINE, ARTISTIC PICTURE... SO I DO A MAD, UNCIVILIZED WILD WESTERN INSTEAD! AMERICANS ARE ALL INDIANS, DOROTHY!

OH, MR. DUBOIS! YOU'RE JUST NOT USED TO US YET!

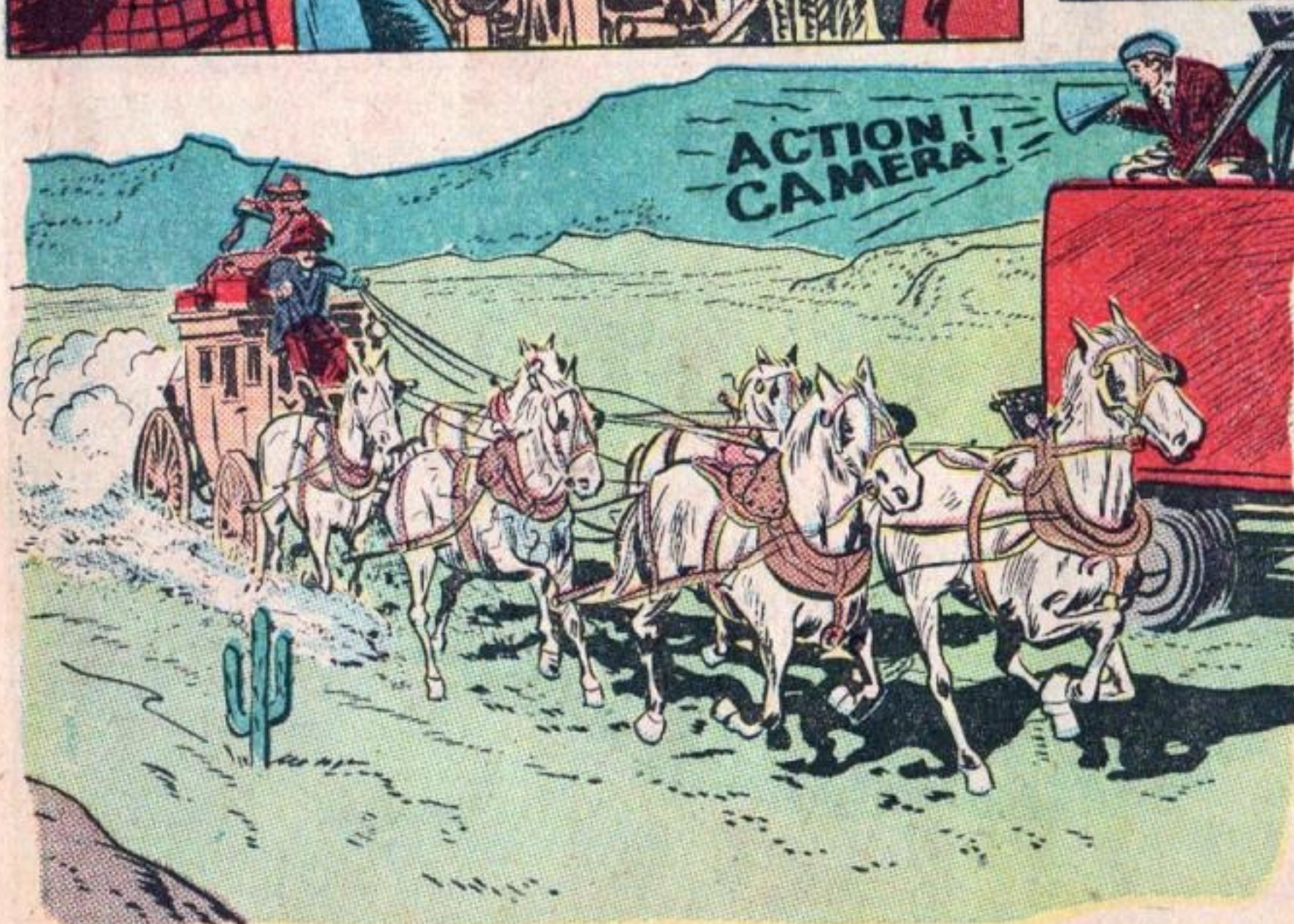
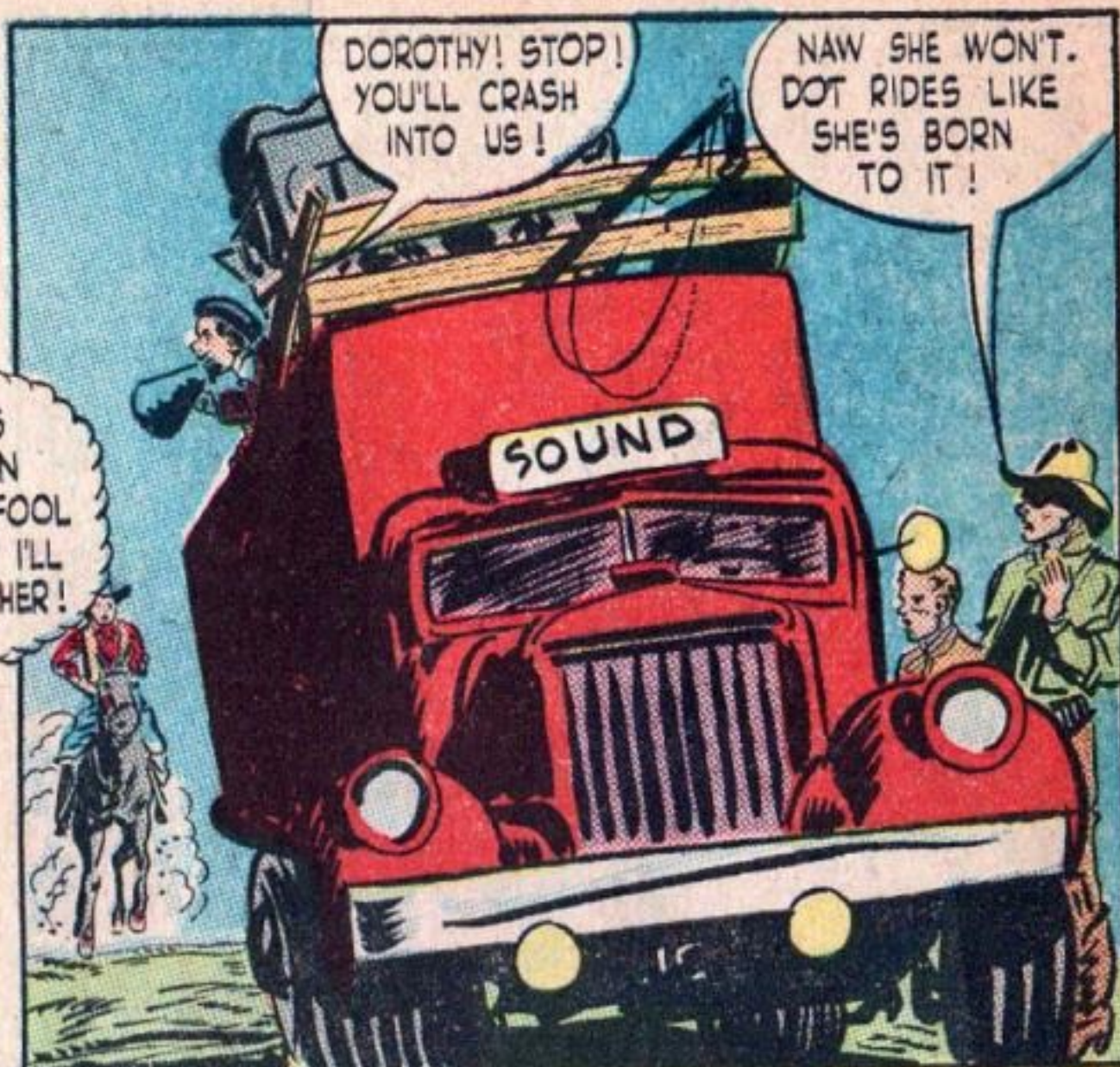
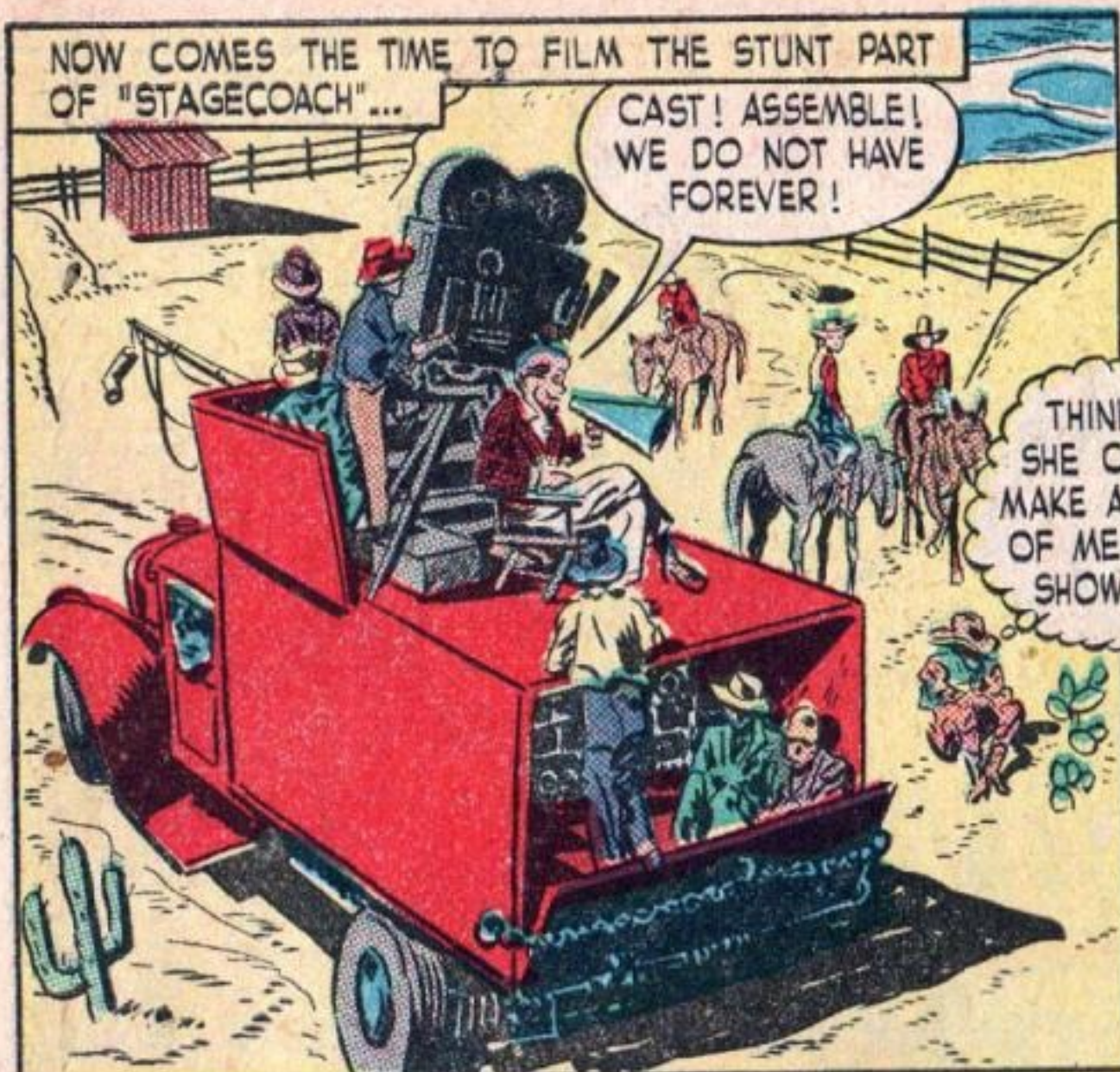
WHEN THE STAGE-COACH GOES OVER THE CLIFF, I LASSO A TALL ROCK AND PULL MYSELF BACK. RIGHT?

OUI, YES. TELL ME, ARE ALL AMERICAN GIRLS SO FOOLHARDY? YOU RISK YOUR LIFE FOR A PICTURE!

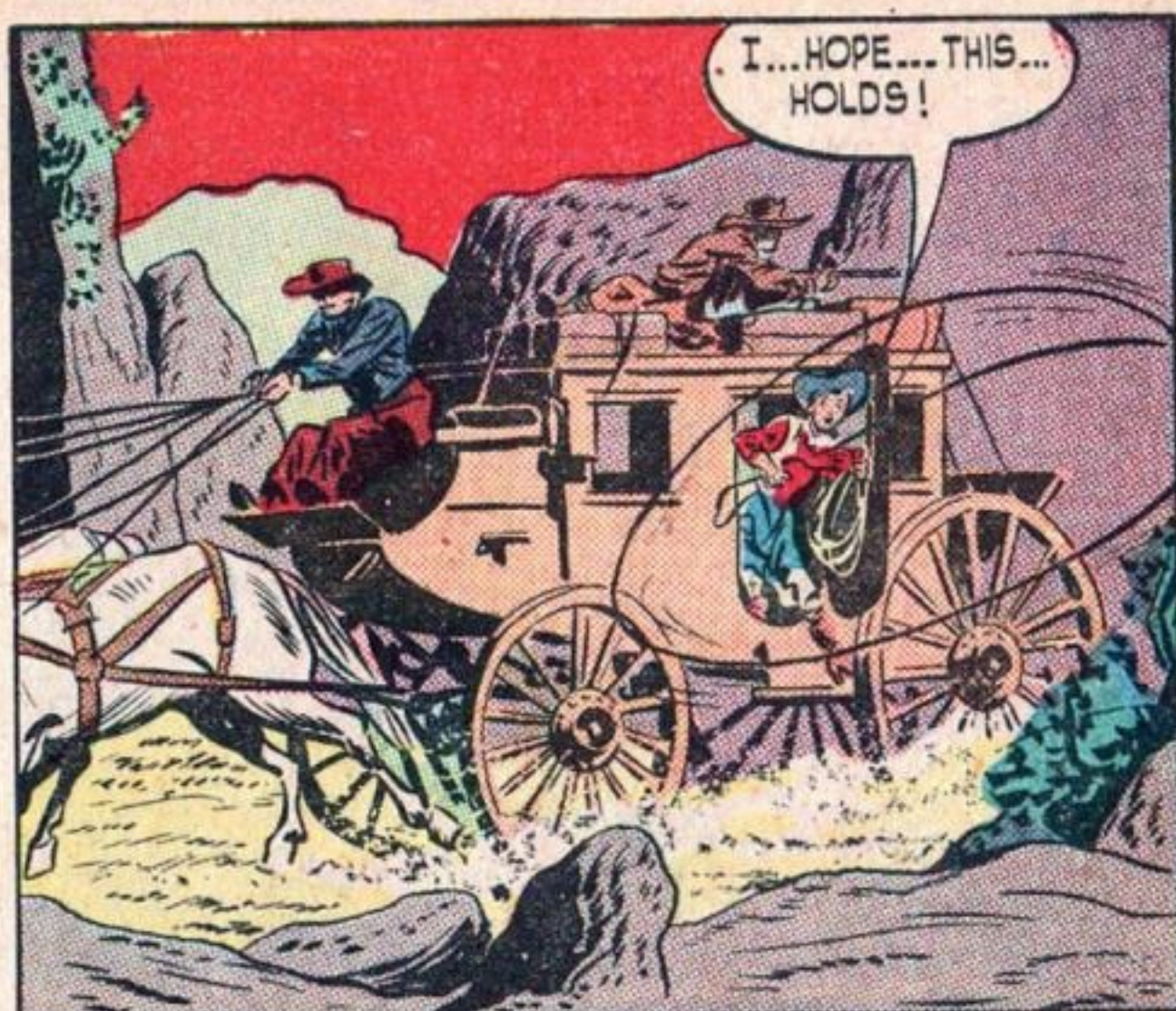




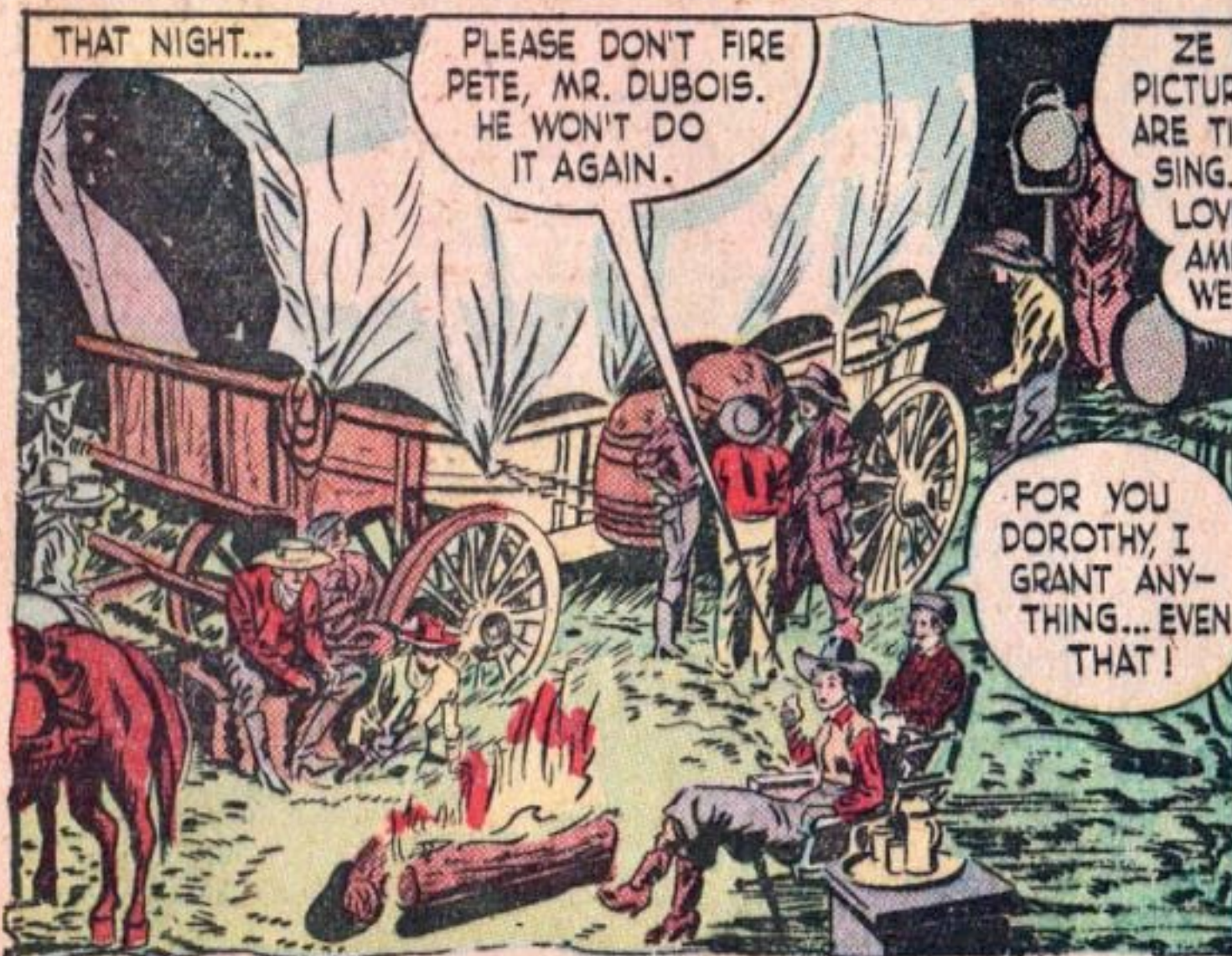
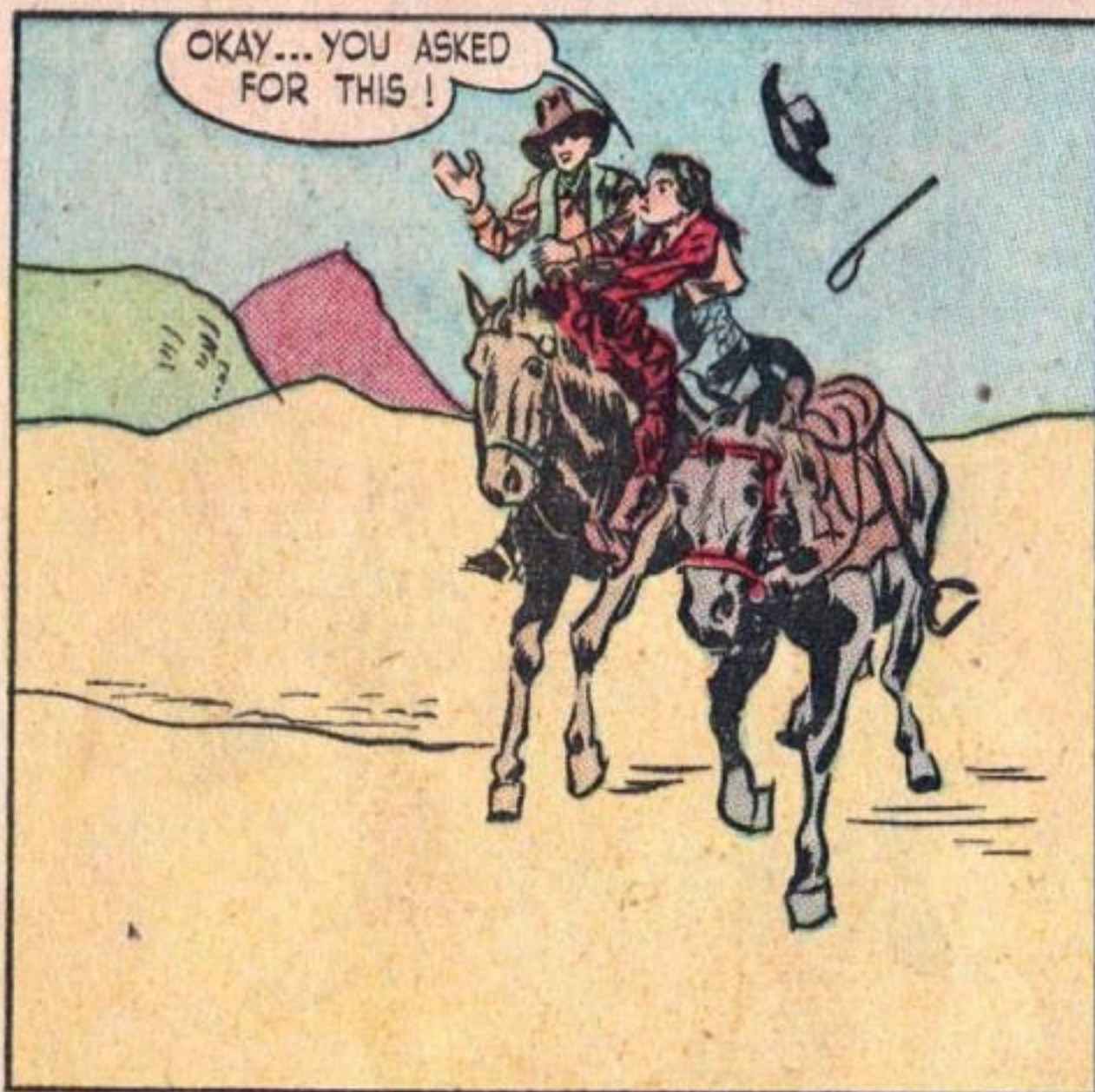
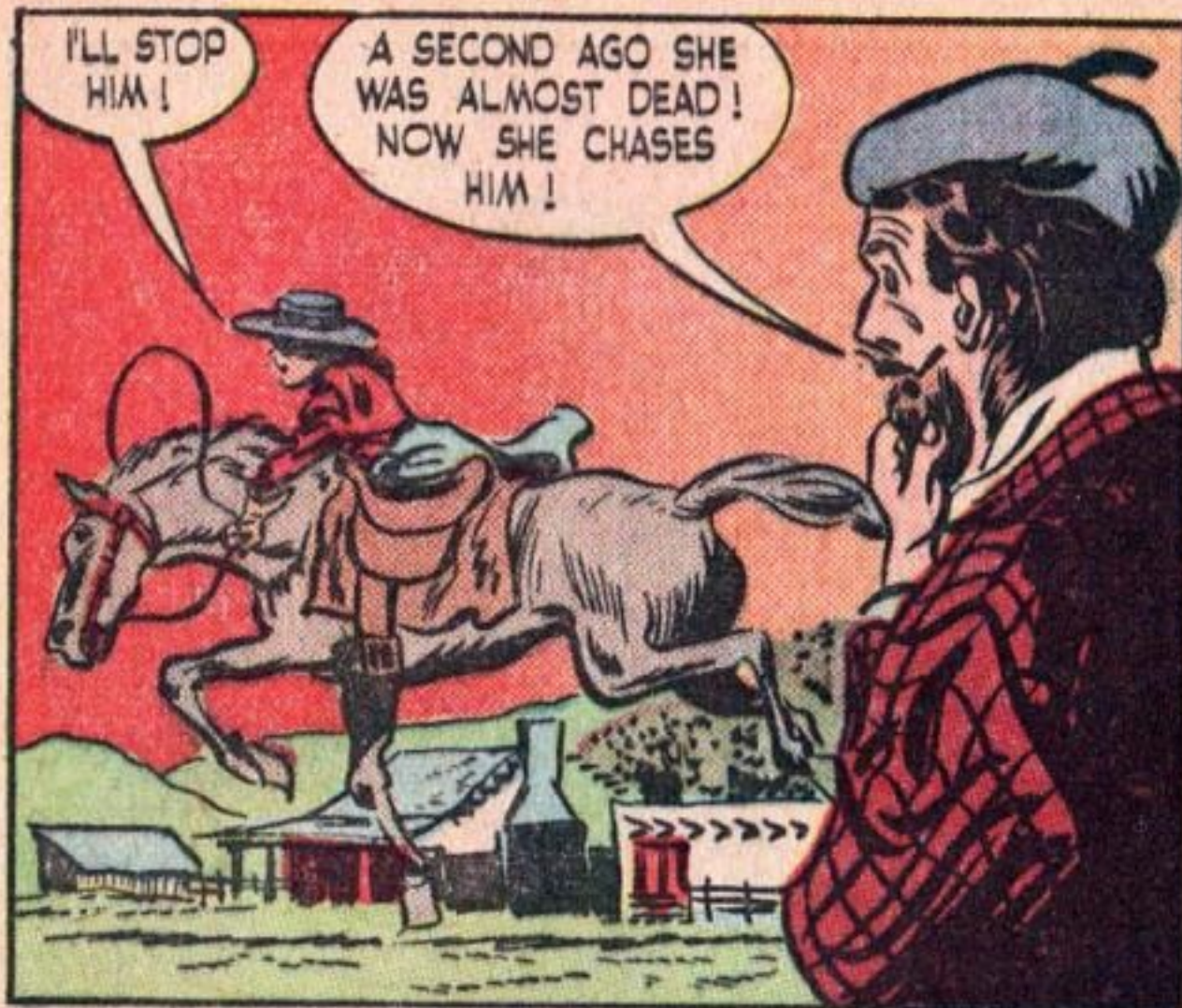














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# GIRL

A GOOD SECRETARY IS THE BACKBONE OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS, WHILE PERRY COMO IS NOT EXACTLY A "BUSINESS." HE INSISTS THAT EDITH IS AS INDISPENSABLE TO HIM AS HIS MUSICIANS. BESIDES THAT, SHE'S HIS MOST ARDENT FAN.

2



WHEN OTHER GIRLS WERE PLAYING AFTER SCHOOL, EDITH WAS WAITING ON LINES FOR BROADCAST TICKETS. SHE GOT TO KNOW PRACTICALLY EVERY PROMINENT PERFORMER ON RADIO...

3



1

MEET EDITH LANDESMAN, WHOSE JOB WOULD MAKE ANY GIRL HAPPY...SHE'S "PRIVATE-SECRETARY-GIRL-FRIDAY" TO PERRY COMO!!



4

SHE WAS STILL GOING TO JULIA RICHMAN HIGH SCHOOL IN NEW YORK CITY, WHEN SHE MET MARION HUTTON, WHO SANG WITH GLENN MILLER'S BAND. NEEDING HELP TO ANSWER HER FAN MAIL, MISS HUTTON ASKED EDITH IF SHE WANTED THE JOB. EDITH SAID "YES" IN A HURRY!

# FRIDAY

A TRUE COMIC

NOT LONG AFTER, EDITH MET PERRY COMO, WHO WANTED A SECRETARY AS YOUNG AS HIS BOBBY-SOX FANS. EDITH WAS ALREADY SOLD ON HIS SINGING. IT DIDN'T TAKE HER LONG TO DECIDE SHE WANTED TO WORK FOR PERRY COMO!

5



AND THAT'S WHAT SHE'S BEEN DOING EVER SINCE. AS SECRETARY, SHE ATTENDS TO MAIL, APPOINTMENTS, PUBLICITY...AS "GIRL FRIDAY" SHE REMEMBERS IMPORTANT DATES, BUYS SOCKS OR TIES, AND, IF NECESSARY, SHE'S BITTER FOR THE COMO BABY!

6



NOW EDITH ATTENDS MORNING CLASSES AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, WHERE SHE MAJORS IN RADIO AND JOURNALISM. AFTERNOONS, SHE DOES HER SECRETARIAL WORK. EVENTUALLY, EDITH WANTS A WRITING CAREER IN RADIO AND THEATRICAL REPORTING.

7



EDITH'S BIGGEST THRILL IS MEETING HER BOSS'S PUBLIC, THE TEENERS. SHE SAYS SHE KNOWS HOW THEY FEEL, SO SHE NEVER REBUFS THEM OR SENDS THEM AWAY WITHOUT A FRIENDLY "HELLO"...HER PATIENCE AND SENSE OF HUMOR ARE TRAITS EVERY GOOD SECRETARY SHOULD HAVE.

8



9

HER FAVORITE PASTIME, ASIDE FROM COLLECTING RECORDS IS... (YOU GUESSED IT!)...LISTENING TO COMO. ONLY NOW, EDITH'S ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY AROUND. SHE'S OUR CANDIDATE FOR 'MISS GIRL FRIDAY OF 1947' - AND SHE'S STILL A TEEN-AGER HERSELF!







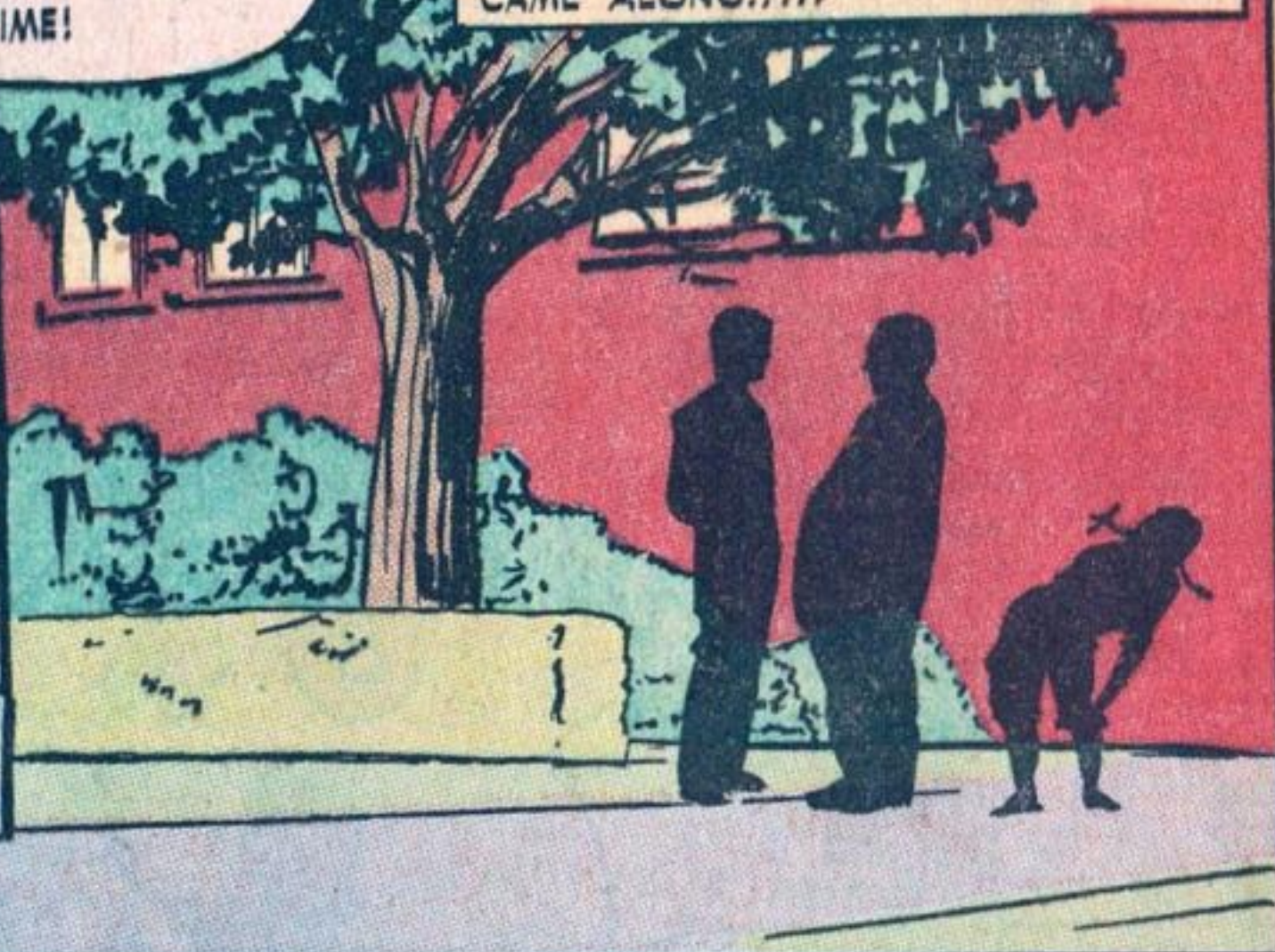
# FOUR O'CLOCK CLUB

GOSH! LOOK AT THAT DREAM BOY WITH THE PRINCIPAL!

HE'S JUST A SECOND LEAD IN MY CASTING BOOK, PEG!

AH ME! IF HE WERE MY TEACHER I'D ALWAYS BE ON TIME!

PEG, DORIE, ALICE AND TONI ALWAYS THOUGHT LATIN WAS A DEAD SUBJECT, MEANT TO PLAGUE HIGH SCHOOLERS ....BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A CERTAIN LIVELY YOUNG PROFESSOR CAME ALONG.....



GIRLS! WAIT! BIG NEWS!

STOP SHOUTING, MARLA! WHAT GIVES?

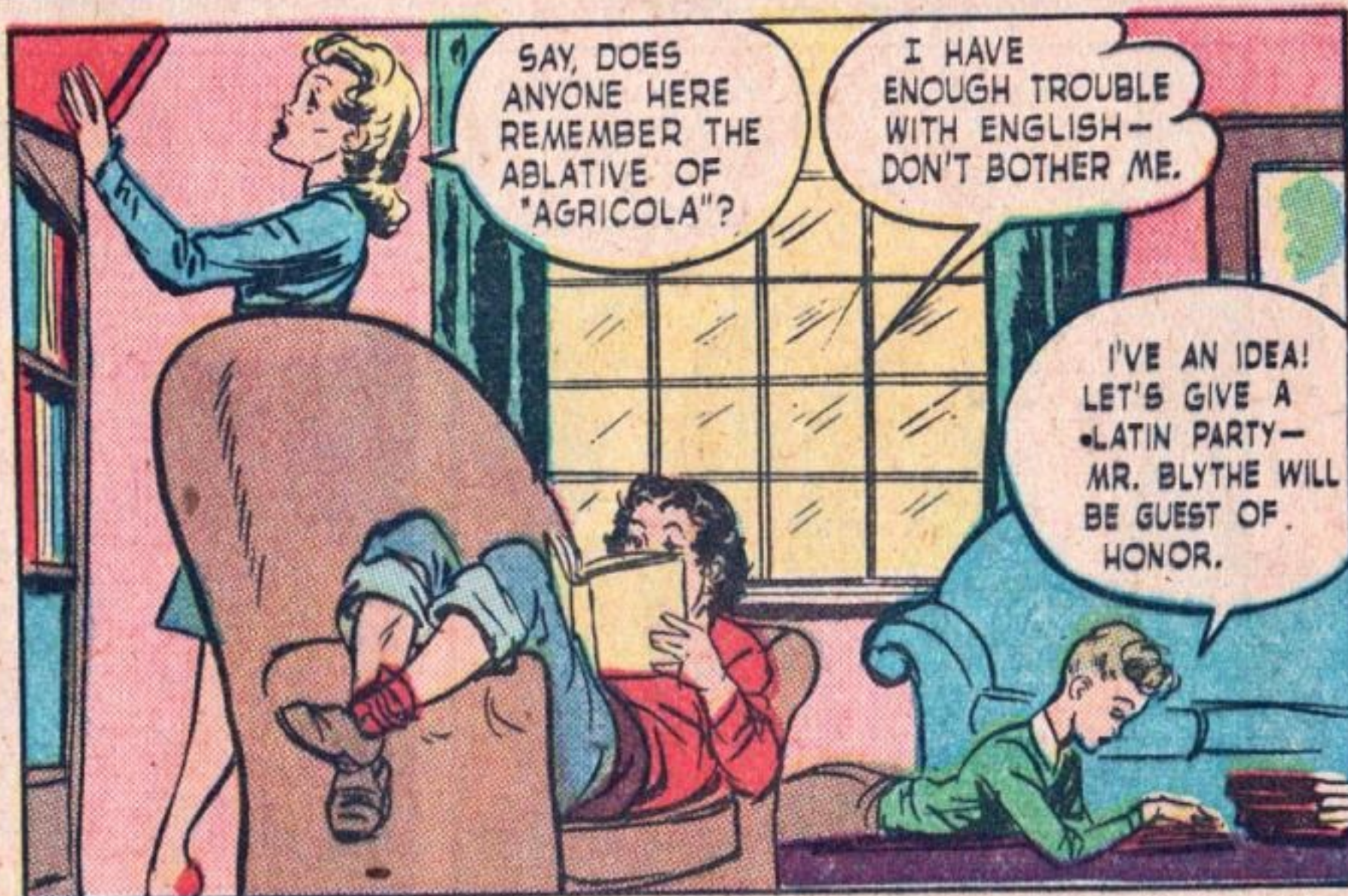


HIS NAME IS MARK BLYTHE AND HE'S THE NEW LATIN TEACHER.

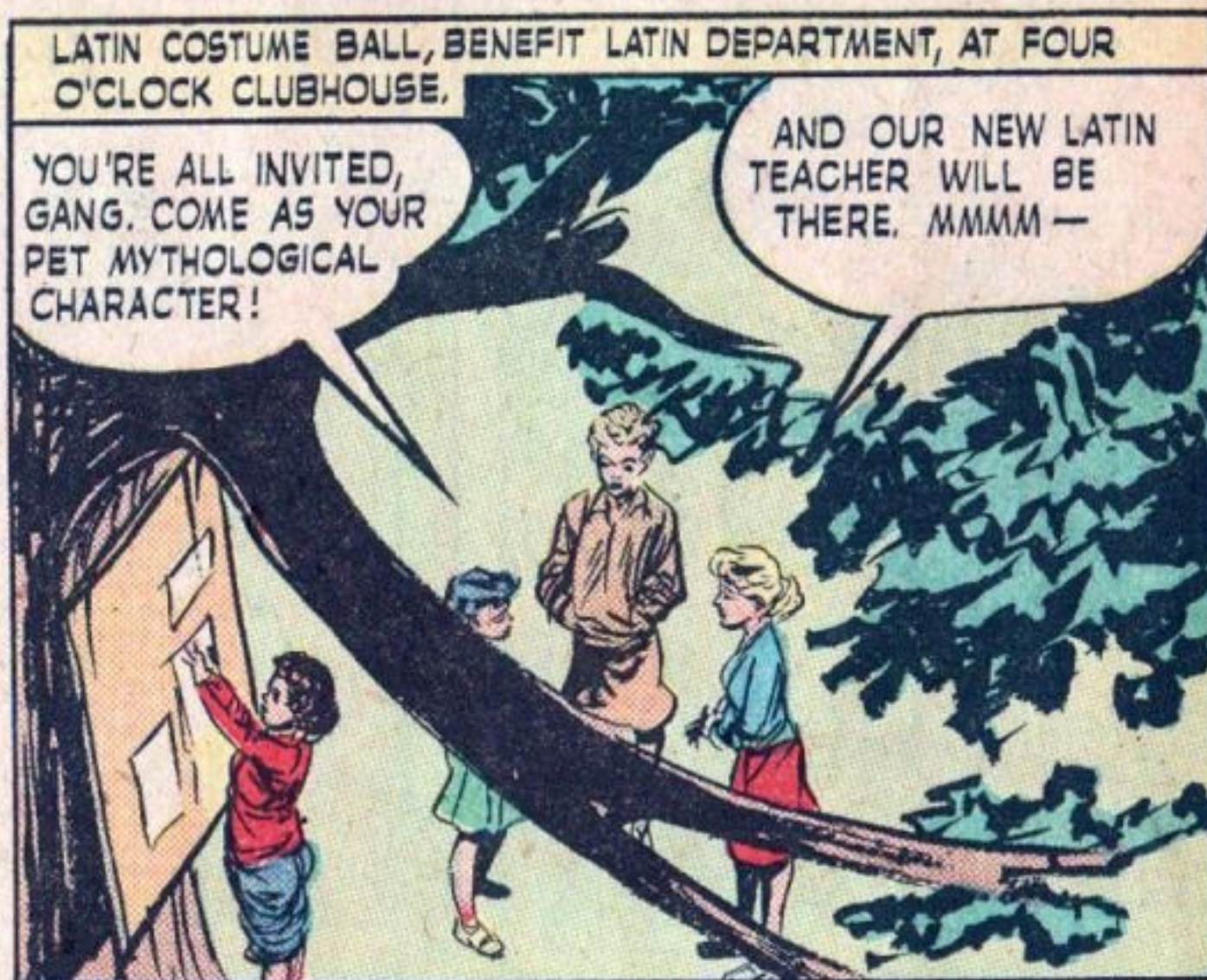
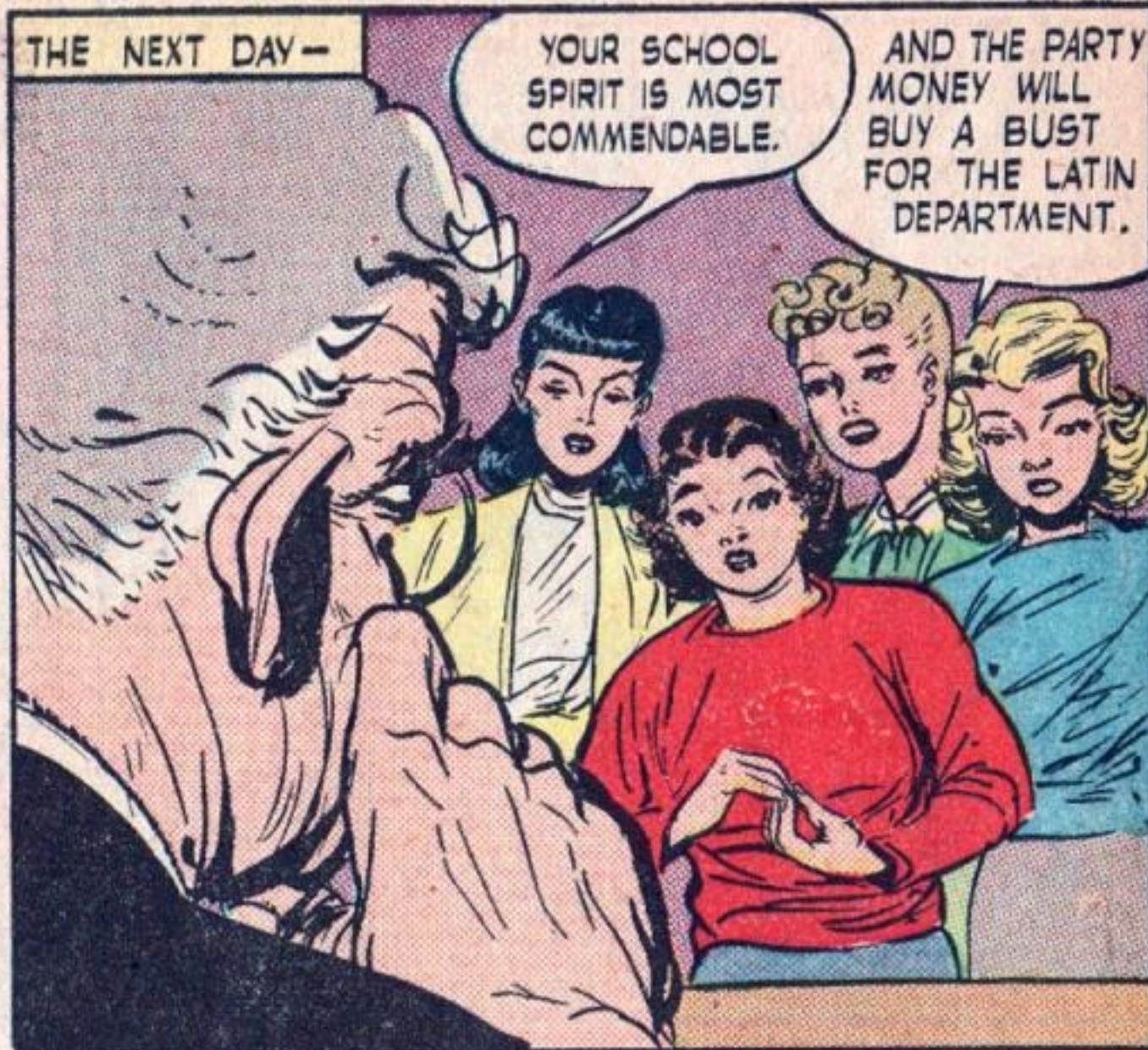
VENI, VIDI, VINCI - HOW I ADORE LATIN - ALL OF A SUDDEN!



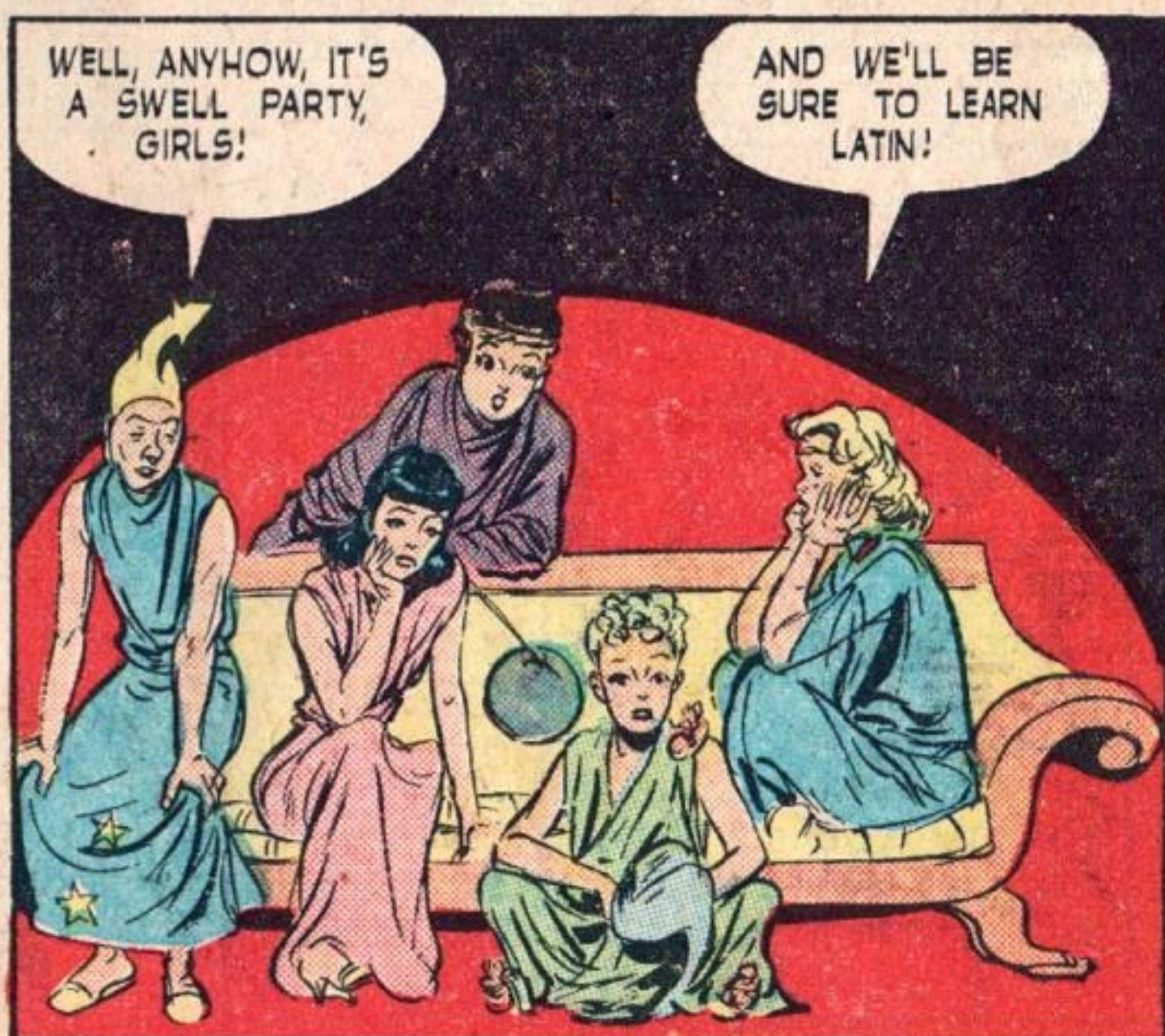
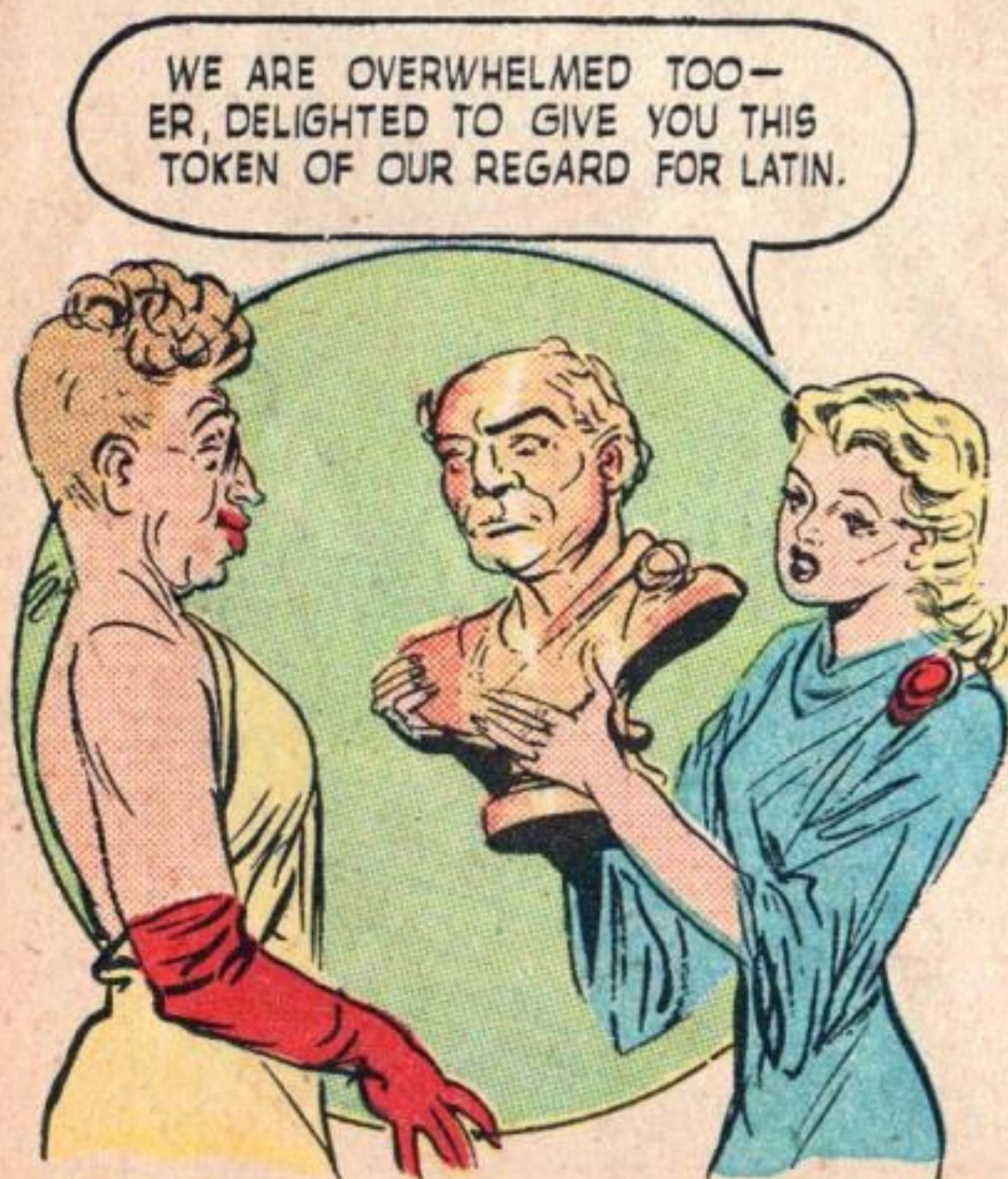
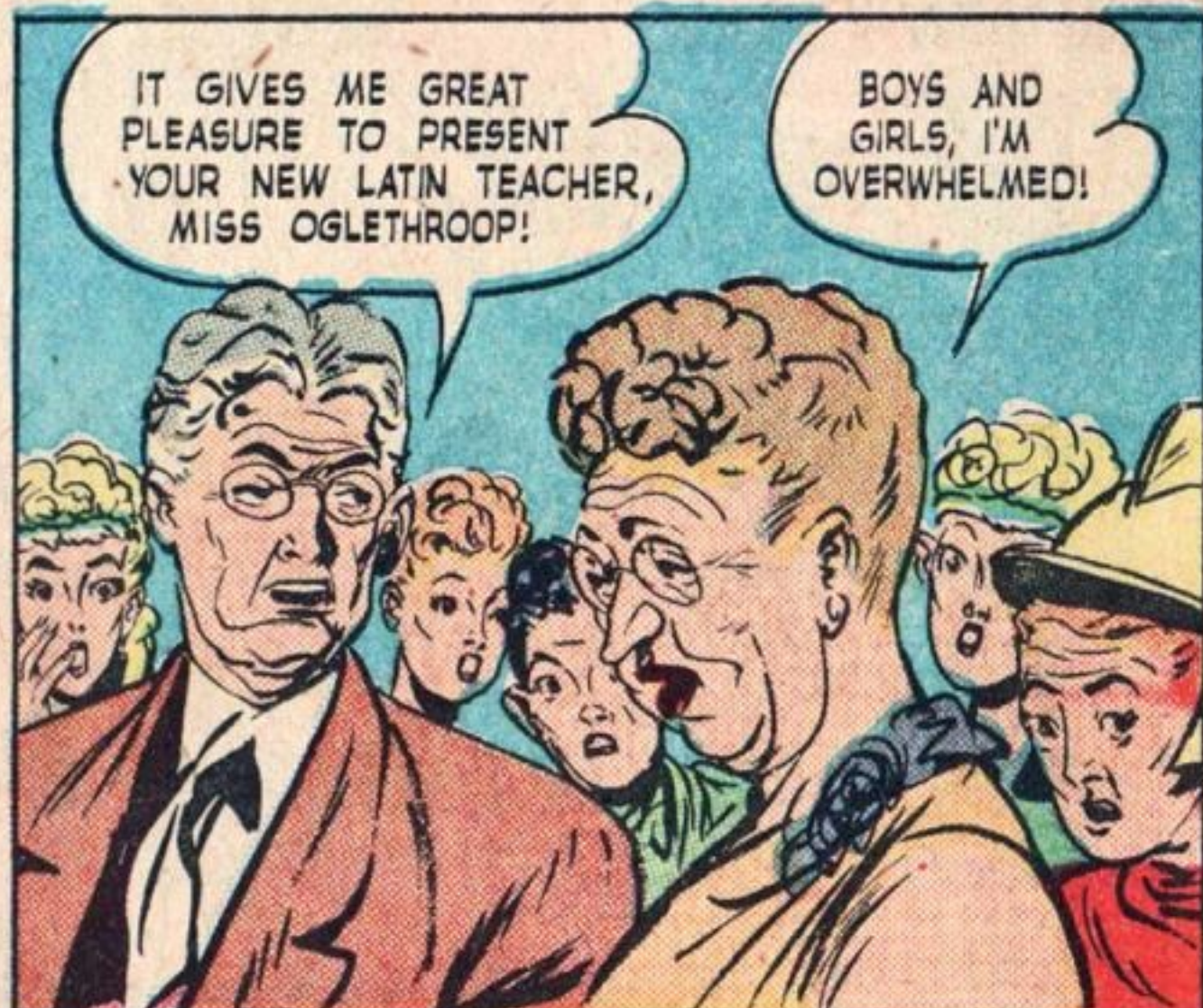
















**S**WEET SIXTEEN's newest cover-girl is vivacious, charming Jan Ford. Jan began her career when she was only 11 years old, thanks to Tom Kelley, famed photographer, who hired her for a kid shot.

Born in Los Angeles on January 7th, 1929, Jan has lived most of her life in Southern California, except for one year spent in Downey, Idaho. In January, 1947, when she graduated, Jan was Glendale High School's loss.

"I really had quite a hiatus," says Jan, who likes unusual words and feels that it is very important to build up a good vocabulary, "on account of my teeth, you know." It seems that this sparkling teen-ager had to take off a few years of her professional life to wear braces on her teeth (this strikes home, doesn't it!).

Films have been a part of Jan's life for a very short time. You may have seen her in "Son of Lassie" or "Shadowed." If not, you will soon have your chance to see Jan in P. R. C.'s "The Devil on Wheels," a movie about teen-age life, in which Jan surpasses any acting that she has done before.

A genuine, heart-warming, super gal—a perfect example of American teen-agers—Jan Ford is heading for the top. We're sure she'll make it.

ANSWER TO:

## WHO TICKLED THE IVORIES?

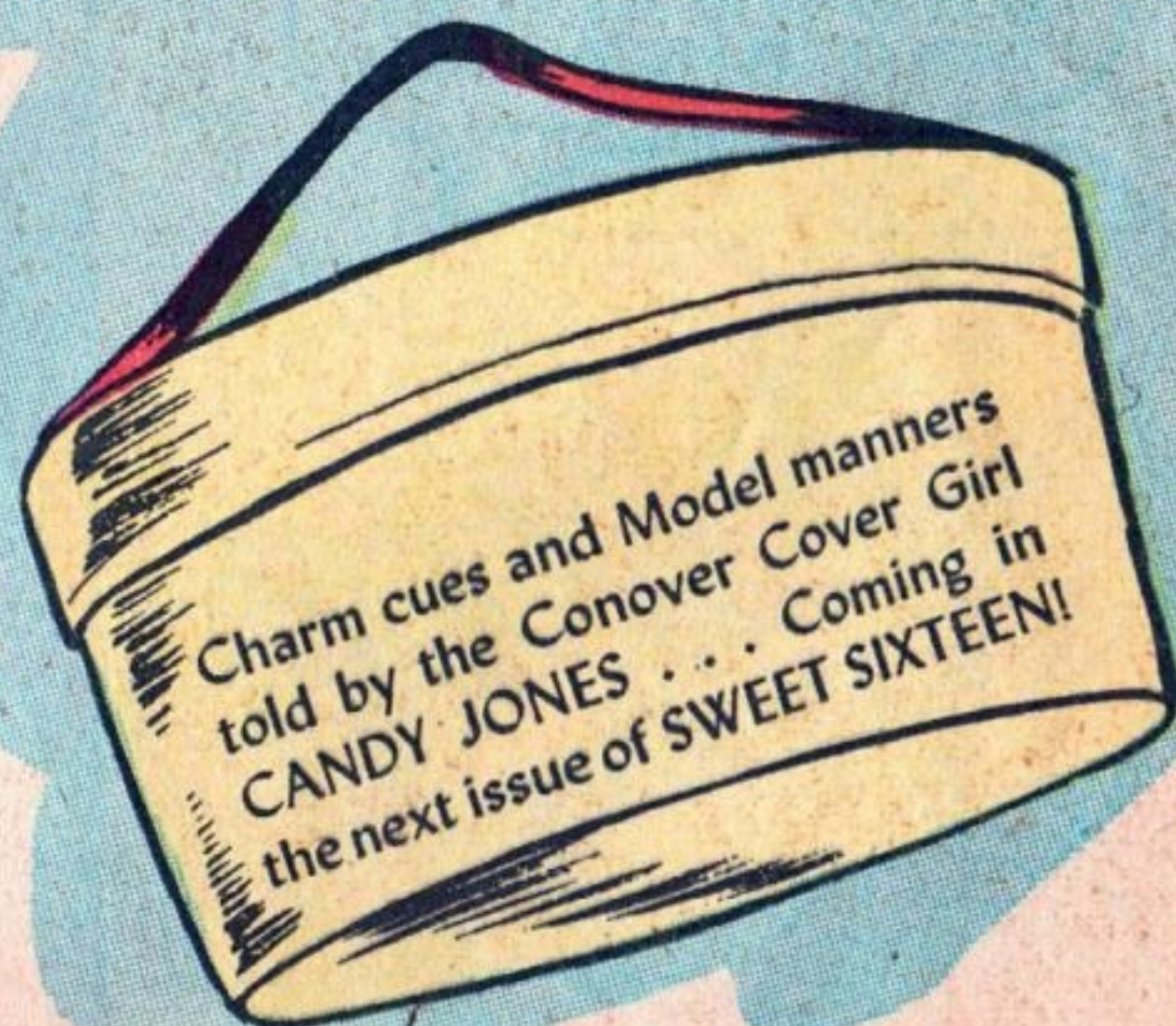
on page 13

**T**O this day, Verna is still trying to decide what to do about Miss Dempsey's offer. She's still shy. Something more than the mere offer of a job is needed to cure her of her shyness.

Gertrude's single-tracked, driving ambition to become a concert artist wouldn't permit her to waste time playing simple ditties for kiddies . . . at least not at this stage of her career. Later, perhaps, she might give a recital for charity . . . and for publicity.

Now what makes Marion so popular? What makes anybody popular? Giving freely of a wholesome personality is what does the trick. Those who do always command the affection and respect of their friends. The job at the Orphan Home was right up Marion's alley. It's the kind of thing we should all be able to decide to do just as quickly, not just to help others, but for our own good as well.

*out of my  
hat box*



Charm cues and Model manners  
told by the Conover Cover Girl  
**CANDY JONES** . . . Coming in  
the next issue of SWEET SIXTEEN!



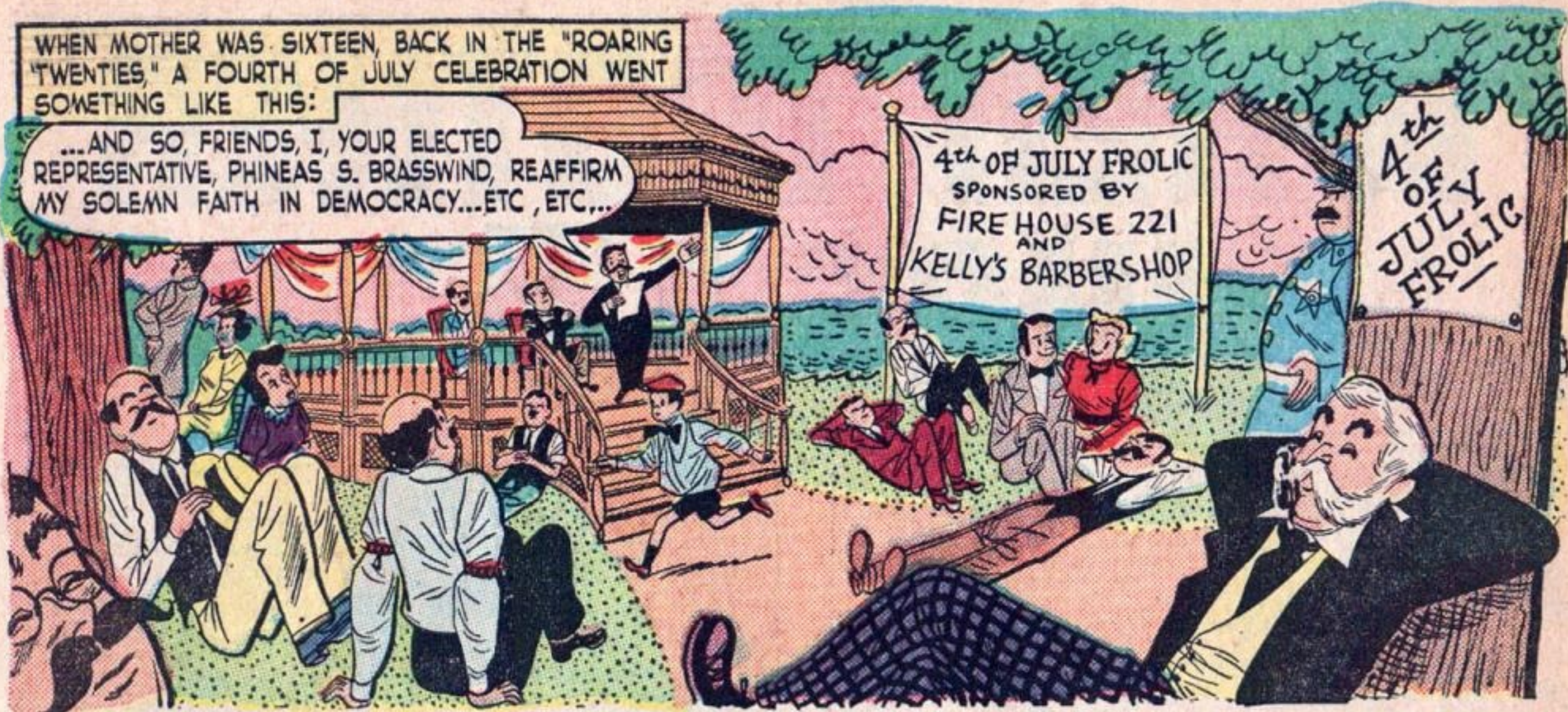
# WHEN MOTHER WAS 16





WHEN MOTHER WAS SIXTEEN, BACK IN THE "ROARING 'TWENTIES," A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

...AND SO, FRIENDS, I, YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE, PHINEAS S. BRASSWIND, REAFFIRM MY SOLEMN FAITH IN DEMOCRACY...ETC, ETC,...



DO ALL SENATORS TALK SO MUCH? I DIDN'T ELECT HIM!

SHHHHH!



AND SO I SAY, LADEES AND GENTLEMEN...

GOLLY, I THOUGHT HE ALREADY SAID IT ALL! C'MON, SUE!

WE'RE BEING VERY RUDE, WALKING OUT ON A SENATOR!



BUT...EVERYONE ELSE HAD THE SAME IDEA...AND FIRST!

GEE WHIZ! I THOUGHT WE'D GET A ROWBOAT!

WE CAN TAKE A WALK, HARRY. IT'S SO PRETTY HERE!



NOT HALF AS PRETTY AS YOU, SUE. GOSH... IT RHYMES!

OH, HARRY!







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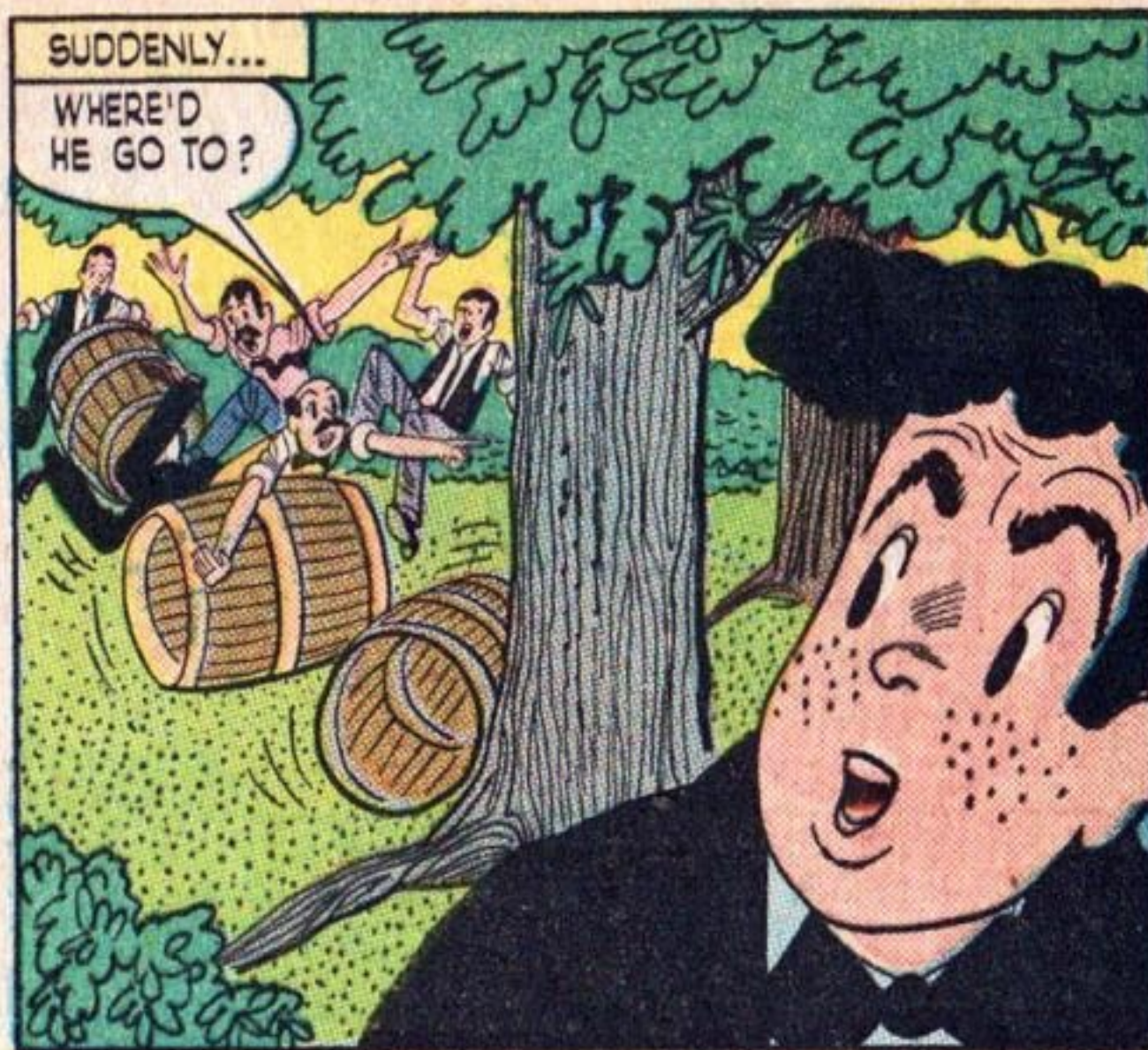
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# YOUNG MAN WITH A *Voice*



DICK HAYMES HIT THE TOP OF THE SINGING LADDER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. HE THOUGHT HE WAS A SONG-WRITER, BUT EVERYBODY LIKED HIS VOICE BETTER THAN THE SONGS HE COULDN'T SELL!!!

SOUTH AMERICAN BORN, TO A TRAVELLING FAMILY, DICK SAW A LOT OF THE WORLD BEFORE HE LIVED IN THE STATES. HIS TEEN-AGE AMBITION WAS TO BE THE LEADER OF A BAND...

TED! GET MORE NOISE OUTTA THAT DRUM!

OKAY... I MEAN, SI SI, SEÑOR GAUCHO!



DICK ALWAYS HAD A GOOD SINGING VOICE, BUT HE IGNORED IT... "SISSY STUFF"... HOWEVER, HIS MOTHER, WHO HAD BEEN SINGING STAR MARGUERITE WILSON, RECOGNIZED HER SON'S VOCAL TALENT...

MOTHER, I WANT TO SKIP COLLEGE. WANT TO TRY AND COOK UP A BAND.

WEL-L-L...FOR JUST THIS TERM, DICK! AND I'LL BET THAT PEOPLE COME TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, NOT YOUR BAND.



MOTHER WAS RIGHT. WHEN DICK LANDED IN HOLLYWOOD THAT SUMMER, HIS JOBS RANGED FROM LIFE-SAVING AT THE BEACH TO CHAUFFEURING.

SORRY! NO CASTING TODAY! BUT LOOK...YOUR TALENT CARD SAYS YOU SING! EVERY STUDIO'S LOOKING FOR GOOD SINGERS!

NUTS! I'D RATHER WRITE SONGS THAN SING 'EM!





HE WROTE SONGS — BUT NOBODY BOUGHT THEM, AND WHEN HE MET THE BAND LEADER BUNNY BERRIGAN...

YES, SIR. I WROTE 'EM ALL.

DON'T LIKE YOUR SONGS, HAYMES. BUT YOUR VOICE IS GOOD. I CAN USE YOU...AS A SINGER. HOW ABOUT IT?

WELL, EVEN SONGWRITERS MUST EAT... SO DICK SANG FOR HIS SUPPER. HE WAS A SUCCESS, BUT HE STILL WANTED TO LEAD A BAND AND SELL THE SONGS HE WROTE AFTER WORKING HOURS...

UMM...DUM...  
...DEE...DUM...

SOON HE DECIDED TO HEAD EAST AGAIN... ONE DAY IN NEW YORK, IN 1941...

HARRY JAMES...  
HMMM...MAYBE HE CAN USE SOME NEW MUSIC!

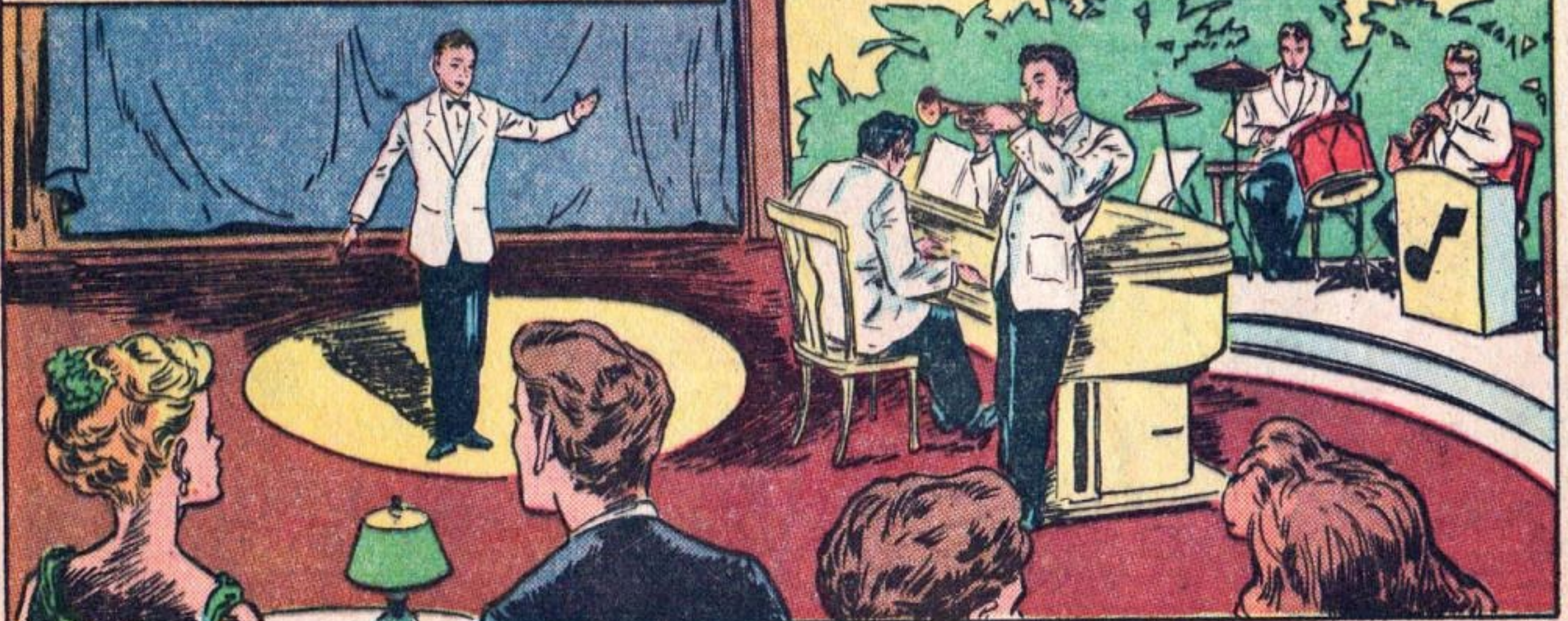
**HARRY  
JAMES  
AND  
BAND**

BUT, WHEN JAMES HEARD HAYMES...

IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY, HUH? YOU DON'T LIKE MY SONGS...

FRANKLY... NO. BUT YOUR VOICE IS TERRIFIC, HAYMES. I'LL BUY THAT!

SO...THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T SING FINALLY ACCEPTED HIS FATE...BY THE END OF THAT SEASON, HAYMES WAS RANKED AS ONE OF THE NATION'S TOP VOCALISTS!





HAYMES GOT MORE THAN GOOD NOTICES FROM THE JAMES ENGAGEMENT. ONE NIGHT AT THE HOTEL LINCOLN DINING ROOM...

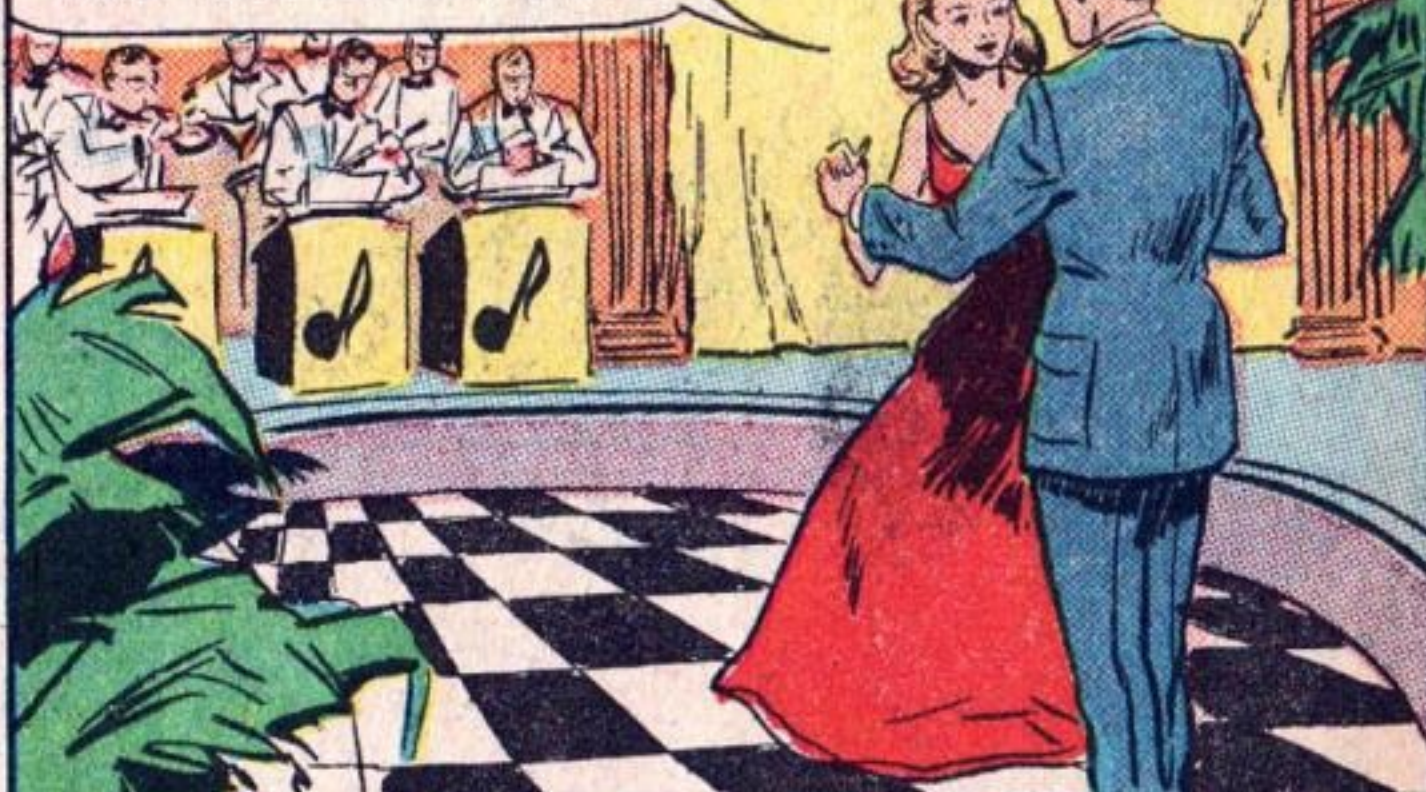
LOOK, JOANNE! MR. HAYMES IS SINGING RIGHT TO YOU!

YES...AND IT'S MIGHTY EMBARRASSING!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, DICK FOUND A WAY TO MEET THE GIRL... SOON AFTER THAT, BEAUTIFUL JOANNE MARSHALL BECAME MRS. RICHARD HAYMES.

WELL! WITH ALL YOUR RUSHING, DO WE REALLY HAVE TIME FOR A WALTZ?



DICK'S BAND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE, FOR MUSICAL TALENTS WERE BEING TAKEN BY UNCLE SAM FOR A MORE SERIOUS PURPOSE...WAR. DICK WAS FORCED BACK INTO SINGING...

THEN THE OLD DREAM CAME BACK AGAIN, AND DICK DECIDED ANEW THAT HE'D RATHER LEAD A BAND IN HIS OWN MUSIC, THAN SING...

GOOD LUCK, DICK! BUT I'M WARNING YOU...YOU'RE GOOD... AS A SINGER!

WE'LL SEE!



C'MON, HAYMES! DORSEY HIRED YOU TO SING! BLOW THOSE PIPES O' YOURS!

NOT ON MY TIME! WAIT'LL WE HIT HOLLYWOOD.



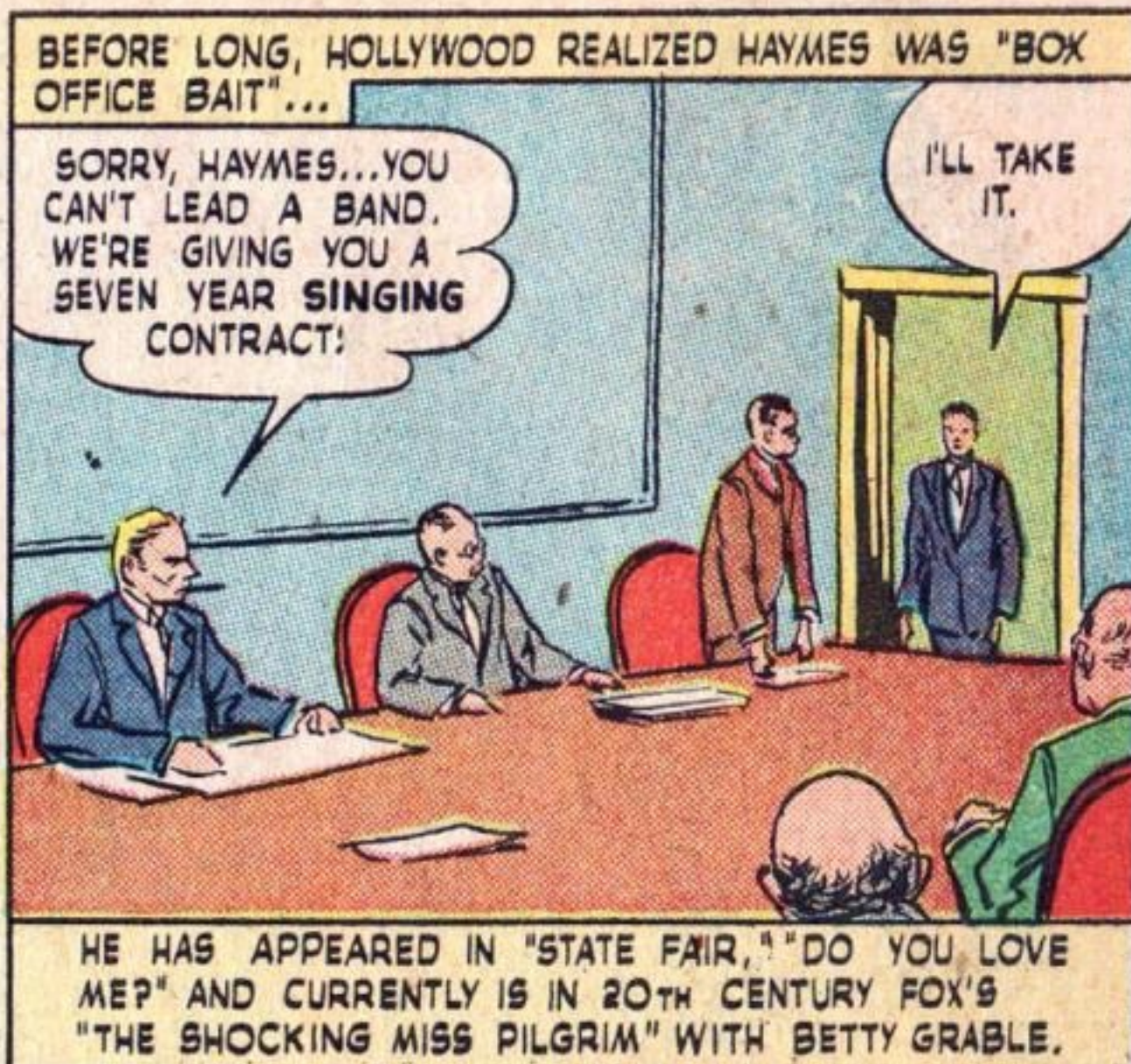
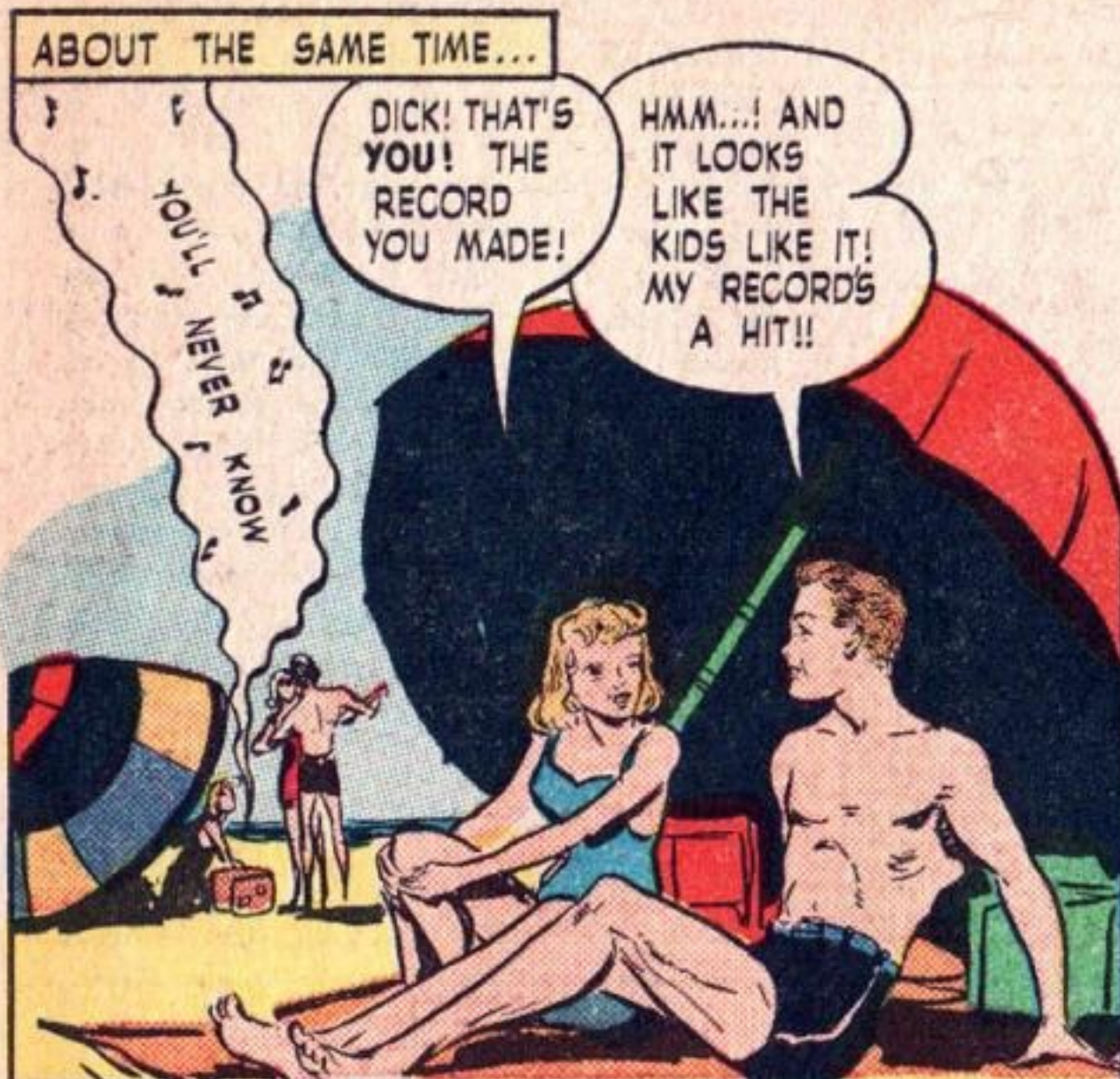
TOMMY DORSEY'S BAND WAS CAST IN "DUBARRY WAS A LADY"... DICK MADE A RIGHT GOOD LOOKING NOBLEMAN!

I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU... I LOVE...

OO LA LA, M'SIEU!



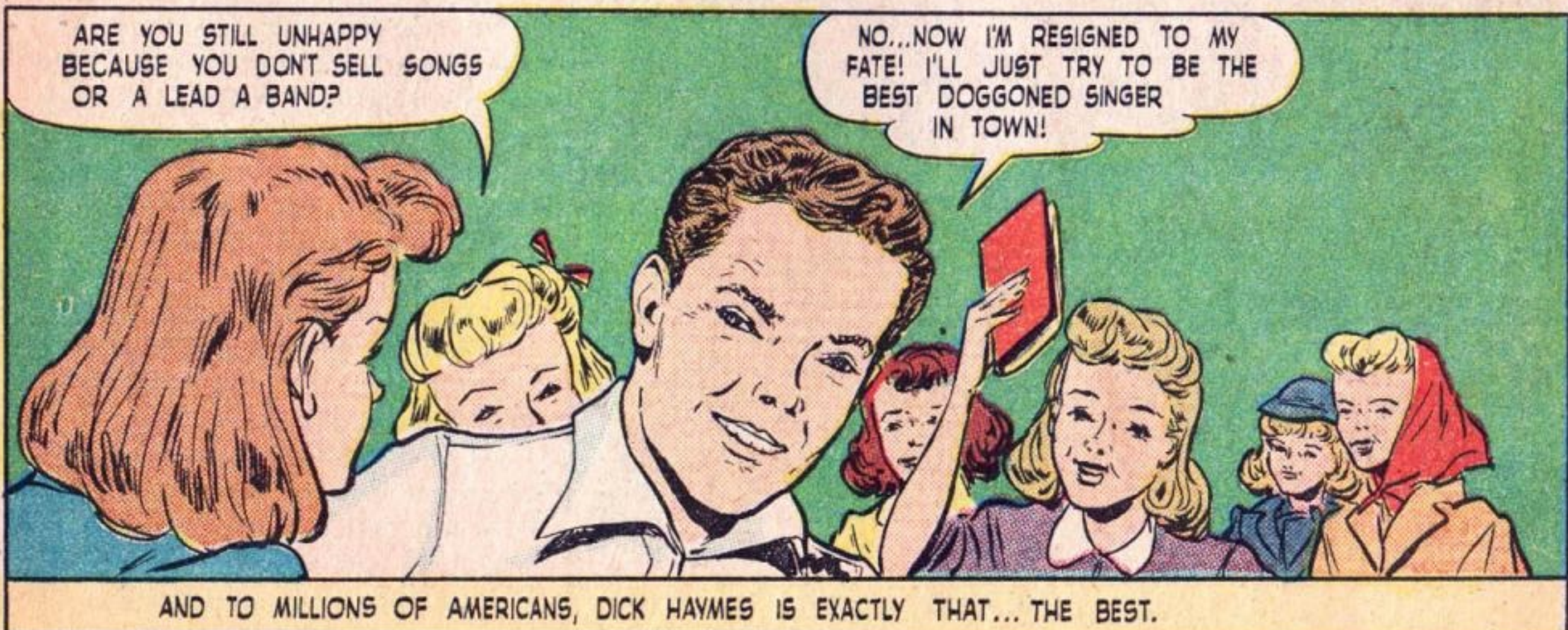




BUT HIS DREAMS OF LEADING A BAND CAME TRUE ANYWAY, FOR DICK NOW STARS IN HIS OWN RADIO SHOW...AND OFF MIKE, HE WAVES THE BATON AND BEATS THE DRUM.



DICK'S HOBBY, ASIDE FROM HELEN AND RICHARD RALPH...IS COLLECTING RECORDS. HE'S ESPECIALLY KEEN ABOUT CROSBY AND SINATRA.





# Phantom Postman

By LEONORA  
SILL  
ASHTON



A "dead letter" is delivered—but a half-century late! What ghostly hand brings it . . . what forgotten secret does it stir into life? . . .

The figure in the doorway LOOKED like a postman, but its hollow voice sounded like nothing human!

## WHAT HAPPENED UNTIL NOW:

Nobody ever went near the old Denton house, for there were rumors that a spectral postman haunted it, trying to deliver a letter that was lost years ago. But when ELAINE HARRINGTON came to town, with ideas for a party in the old place, the high school set eagerly joined in. PEG WHARTON was there, and JEAN, BETH and some of the boys . . . all but HAROLD WAYNE, whose grandfather was the ill-fated postman. The party was perfect . . . until a sudden, unearthly shriek put an end to the fun! Now go on with the story . . .

## PART TWO

ELAINE and I jumped. We'd scarcely got to our feet when Jean and Beth burst back into the room. They were both as white as paper.

"There's someone up there—!" gasped Jean.

"Walking around!" Beth almost shouted.

I'll admit I was scared. As for Elaine, she looked horrified. After all, she had planned the party, and I knew how she'd feel if anything unpleasant happened. "You—must be mistaken," she told the girls.

"No, we're not! We're not!"

I said, "Perhaps it's a joke the boys are playing on us." But, that was only to relieve the strain. Dick doesn't finish his after-school work till seven, and I knew Tom and Harold would have to wait for him.

Elaine picked up the lamp and started for the door.

"Don't go! Please don't go!" Jean begged, but Elaine didn't seem to hear. She started straight up those rickety stairs. Half way up she called, "Who's there?"

There was no answer, and she kept on up to the top step.

"Who's there?" Elaine called again, so loudly that time, I jumped. Suddenly she turned and looked down at us. "Listen!"

"Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap." The sound came distinctly.

"The spooks have come," laughed Elaine. There was the greatest relief in her voice. "It's a slat of the shutter tapping on the sill. We're imagining things."



"Tap, tap." We heard it again, but Elaine turned and came down the stairs.

As we four reached the hall there was the gleam of headlights outside, and I heard the toot of Tom's horn. He and Dick came in with their arms full of bottles of pop and pickles.

"What's going on?" Tom demanded. "You look scared stiff!"

"The ghosts have arrived," Elaine told him. "Where's Hal?"

Tom shook his head. "He's not coming."

"Did you call for him?" demanded Beth.

"Sure I did. But he was deep in a book. Just said things had taken a different turn from what he expected, and told me not to bother about him—he had to study."

Elaine said, "A person can make himself pretty miserable, taking things too seriously."

Dick looked at the circle, then at the rest of us as though he were counting us. "Expecting anyone else?"

"No," I told him. "Why?"

"I was sure I saw another car out in the bushes."

Beth squealed. "Don't tell me anything queer is happening!"

Dick exclaimed, "I'll put on Tom's lights, and see who it is!" He darted out into the hall.

The party wasn't going well at all and I could see Elaine was bothered. "Don't be silly, Dick," I called. "Come back and eat. I'm nearly starved." He agreed he was, too, and came back.

As we sat around the old lamp eating supper, Elaine said, "At any rate there are certain kinds of ghosts around this house tonight—phantom steps inside and a phantom car outside."

I said, "It's just because we're thinking things, Elaine. You know that was only a blind blowing upstairs that the girls heard, and as for the car—if there's one there—it's there."

"Good girl, Peg!" Dick exclaimed. "I'm glad to hear someone talk common sense out here in this screwy old place."

"But what about that phantom step?" asked Tom.

Then we were off. Jean and Beth told how they heard someone walking around upstairs. Then Elaine told how she went up with the lamp, and about the slat of the blind tapping.

"It may have been a shutter slat tapping, but all the same, when we were up there on the stairs, I *know* I saw a shadow move in that back room." Everybody stared at Jean when she said that.

Elaine asked, "Why didn't you say so before?"

Jean looked rather foolish. "Maybe I was just thinking things, the way Peg said. I was scared enough for anything."

At that instant there came a sound I'll never forget. It was a postman's whistle, just outside the front door!

No one spoke a single word. The whistle sounded again. Then came steps—tramp, tramp, tramp—through the hall.

"And you are now to know the truth of that old tale."

It was a weird hollow voice that came from the hall—ghostly and strange. Then a queer ghostly figure stood there.

It was a man with a black mask over his eyes. He wore an old gray-blue postman's suit and cap, and an old mail bag swung over his shoulder.

Jean gave a gasp and clung to me on one side. Beth did the same on the other. They needn't have worried. The spectre wasn't paying any attention to us. He was looking towards the door that opened into the dining room, and moving towards it in sort of a daze. Suddenly I saw him step quickly. He put his hand in the bag, and drew out a letter.

"Here, sir, is a letter I understand you have been looking for."

It was the same figure speaking, but the hollow tone was gone, and there was no mistaking that voice. Before he pulled the mask from his face, I knew it was Harold speaking. It was the figure that moved out from



"This is it!" exclaimed the stranger in disbelief. "It's my lost letter!"



the dark of the dining room—an old gentleman with silvery white hair that was the mystery to me. He took the envelope from Harold and bowed.

"Thank you, thank you, sir," the strange figure said. Then the most mysterious thing of all happened. He turned the envelope over in his hand and turned pale.

"Elaine! Elaine! What is the meaning of this?"

I could see his hand was shaking as he drew a sheet of paper from the envelope and then a smaller one from that.

"This—" He looked at the papers in his hand and then at Elaine. "This is the actual letter and check that I lost years ago."

Elaine darted over to him and pulled him towards our circle round the lamp. Her eyes were sparkling. "I want you all to know my Grandfather—Frederick Denton—the owner of the haunted house." She looked around the circle and then up at the old gentleman.

"Granddad, we all want to hear the true story of the Phantom Postman."

"I might be interested in hearing a few details myself, too," remarked Mr. Denton.

It didn't take Elaine long to explain everything. Her brother Dan had just been married, but because of the housing shortage had no place to live. One night when the family were talking and planning, she volunteered to come up here and look at the old house of her Grandfather's which had been standing here all these years. Elaine said she had no thought of anything except going about the matter in a business-like way, until she heard of the mystery mailman from me.

"I've often typed my father's stories for him," she said. "And I thought, here was a real one, and I'd try to act it out in some way myself. So I made up my mind to keep who I was a secret

and see if, in any way, I could solve the mystery."

Mr. Denton leaned forward. "And you did. Let me hear how, Elaine, and then I will be on my way. I haven't—" Here he looked us over with a twinkle in his eyes, "had the most comfortable evening so far. After shivering in my car as long as I could stand it, I came in here to get warm, and you young fry had to come snooping upstairs, and make me almost ruin Elaine's spook party."

"Then it was *you* we heard!" Jean exclaimed. "That is—before the wind blew the slat."



I could tell by Harold's smile that all was well . . . that he'd never again fear the mystery in his past.

"Only I did the tapping instead of the wind. Now, Elaine, I want to hear."

Elaine turned to us. "I knew that when Granddad bought the house he himself built a secret safety deposit compartment back of the mail box, that remained behind a wall panel, until the panel was taken out inside the hall. You had to know of it to find it."

Mr. Denton was bending forward to listen. Elaine turned to him and continued.

"You didn't find the letter in that place where you thought it

would be, because evidently the mass of mail that had accumulated during those two weeks you were away, had wedged it deep in a crack."

"So that's where it has been all these years!" Mr. Denton shook his head as though he couldn't believe the words.

Elaine continued, "I found it the morning after I came, and right away I had the idea of a spook party. At first I thought I'd lead Harold to the spot and have him pick it up himself. Then when you wrote you were coming up to look over the house, I planned this."

It was all as clear as day by that time. Mr. Denton had fallen right in with Elaine's idea to work out the old story here. The only thing she didn't tell him, was that the mailman was going to deliver the real letter to him.

The old gentleman didn't stay long after that. He said he had all the excitement he needed for one evening. As he went out the door, Tom drew a long admiring breath. "Isn't he the great one!" he exclaimed.

Elaine looked delighted. "He's a dear!" she agreed. "The check in the letter was for the rights to one of his inventions. He believed his whole future was shattered when it was lost, for that left him penniless.

But he forced himself to work at anything to support Grandmother and himself. He sat up nights to study and read and experiment. Now, he's one of the foremost scientists in the country."

"What special line does your Grandfather follow?" asked Tom.

"Oh! All the modern things that I don't understand. Electronics and radar. Just now, he's a member of a commission working on ways to convert atomic energy into domestic uses."

Dick had scarcely spoken a word the whole evening until he



jumped up, went over to Harold, and grasped him by the hand. "And no one is gladder than I am to have that letter found! And to have that myth about the mystery mailman exploded."

"Not any gladder than I am," declared Harold, and they pumped each others arms up and down till I thought they'd fall off.

After that we started picking up the party things. It didn't take long. We packed them in the car, and then Tom slipped into the driver's seat.

"Pile in, everybody," he called. "Lots of room." But when it came my turn to step in the car, I felt a hand on my arm.

"Peg and I are going to walk," said Harold.

"Isn't Elaine the cleverest!" I exclaimed, as we started off.

Harold nodded. "And finding that letter was clever! She got right hold of the ugly thing that's bothered me no end. But Peg, even before she told me about the letter, I'd gotten over being an idiot—thinking people were scorning me and suspecting me. And you did it, Peg. You killed all those miserable feelings by talking the way you did to me that day."

I could feel my heart jumping. "Then you were really coming to the party before you knew about the letter?"

"Sure I was coming. I only made believe I was glum, so Tom wouldn't suspect anything about my acting the part of the Phantom Postman." ... The End.

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## THE INFERNAL TRIANGLE

(Continued from page 6)

missed you." I felt better already. Naturally, I closed the letter with an invitation to the formal dance.

Hank didn't answer my plea and I began to brood again. After all, I had tried to be honest. Those unreasonable boys had forced me to lie. And it had been rude of Hank to drop in on me unexpectedly. I practically lived in my mailbox for several days, before giving up.

Last night I called Bill. I was very humble.

"I really had given him up," I said, "but our mothers are best friends and Mom is devoted to Hank. I wouldn't hurt her for the world."

Bill sort of coughed.

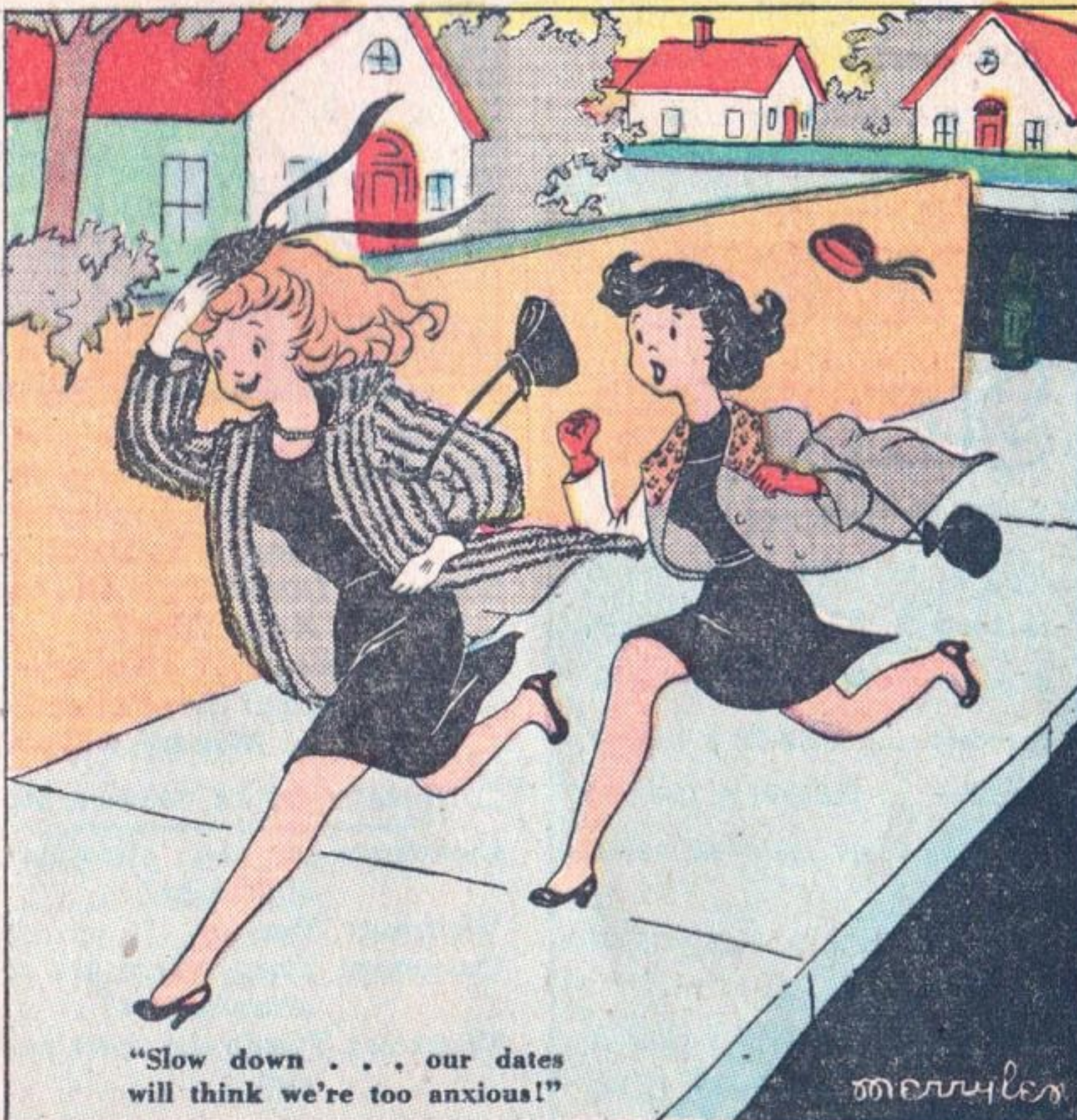
"Anyhow, Hank won't be back," I went on. "And I'm glad. Can't you ever forgive me, Bill? I was such a stupid fool." I sobbed, just a little, and Bill

melted. We made a dance date.

Last night and this morning it was hard for me to walk around the campus; flying would have been so much simpler. I was happy again. But—this afternoon Hank's letter came.

"I've been spending a few days at the lake and just got your letter. Otherwise I would have written sooner," I read. "Of course I forgive you. Will you ever forgive me? But we'll settle that question at the dance."

I went out tonight—alone. I have been walking in the rain, barefooted, and when I came in, I took two hot baths and a cold shower. At present I am sitting with my feet on a cake of ice, and there is an electric heater close to my head. I am reading a book on "The Care of Colds" and doing everything backwards. With luck I'll be in an oxygen tent in time for the dance.



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Johnny: Yes, ma'am — but there were only one or two to remember then!

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Student: No, Spanish!

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Storekeeper: They do half your work for you.

Customer: I'll take two!

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Burglar: But this is the thirteenth floor!

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Waitress: Yes, sir.

Customer: Then where are the strawberries?

Waitress: That's the short part, sir!

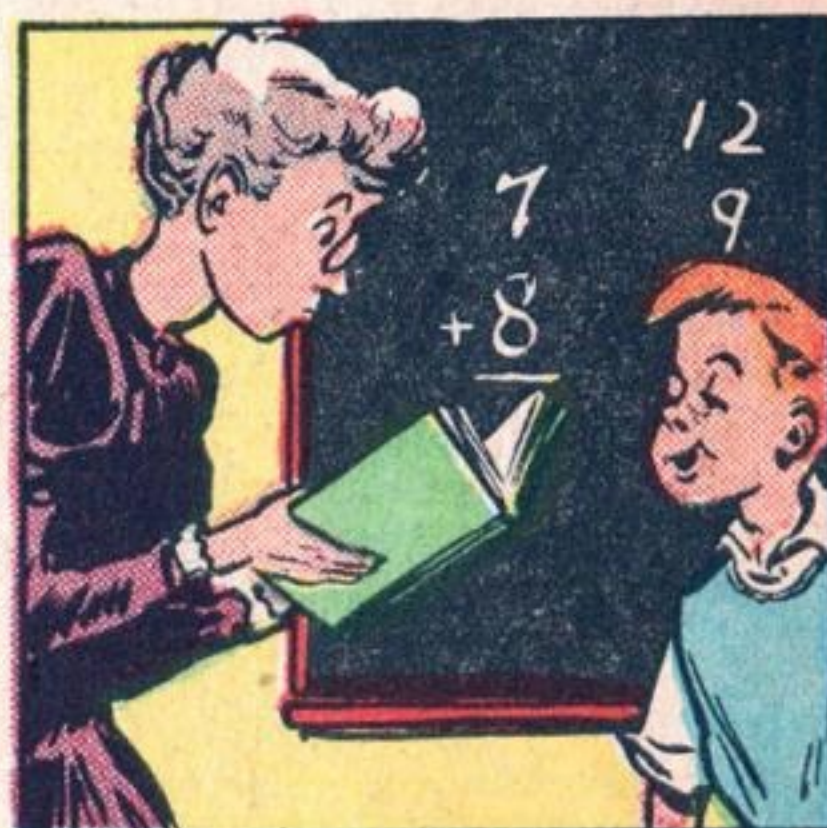
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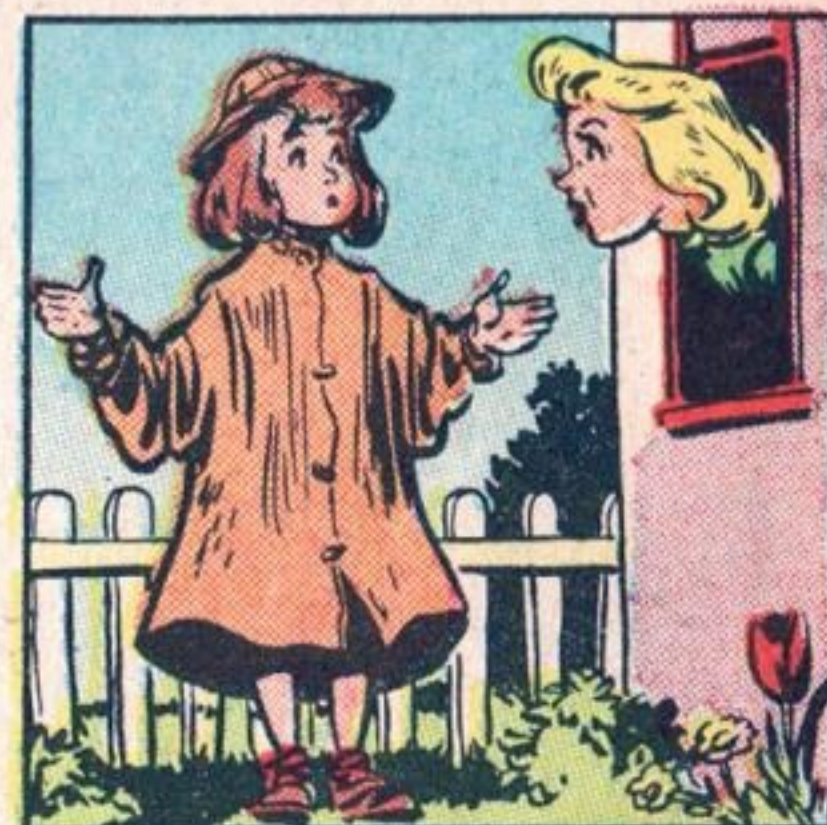
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French Teacher: What are rocks in French?

Pupil: Same as in English, ma'am. Just big stones!

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Big Sister: What's the idea of wearing my raincoat?

Little Sister: 'Cause I'd get your new dress wet, that's why!

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